

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1888.

PICTURESQUE NIAGARA.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

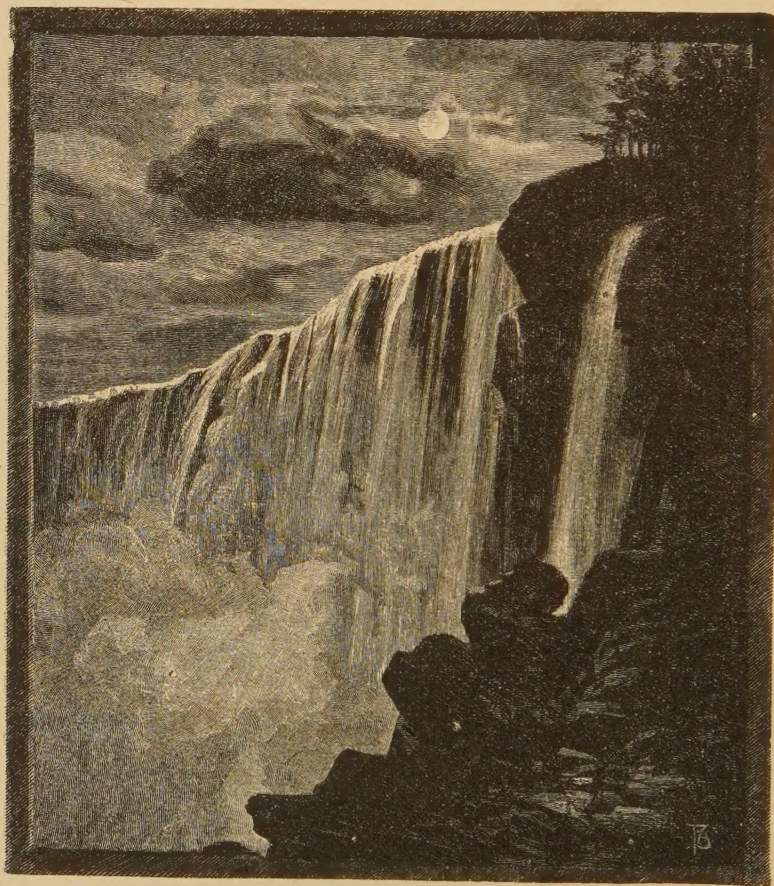
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BELOW THE AMERICAN FALLS.

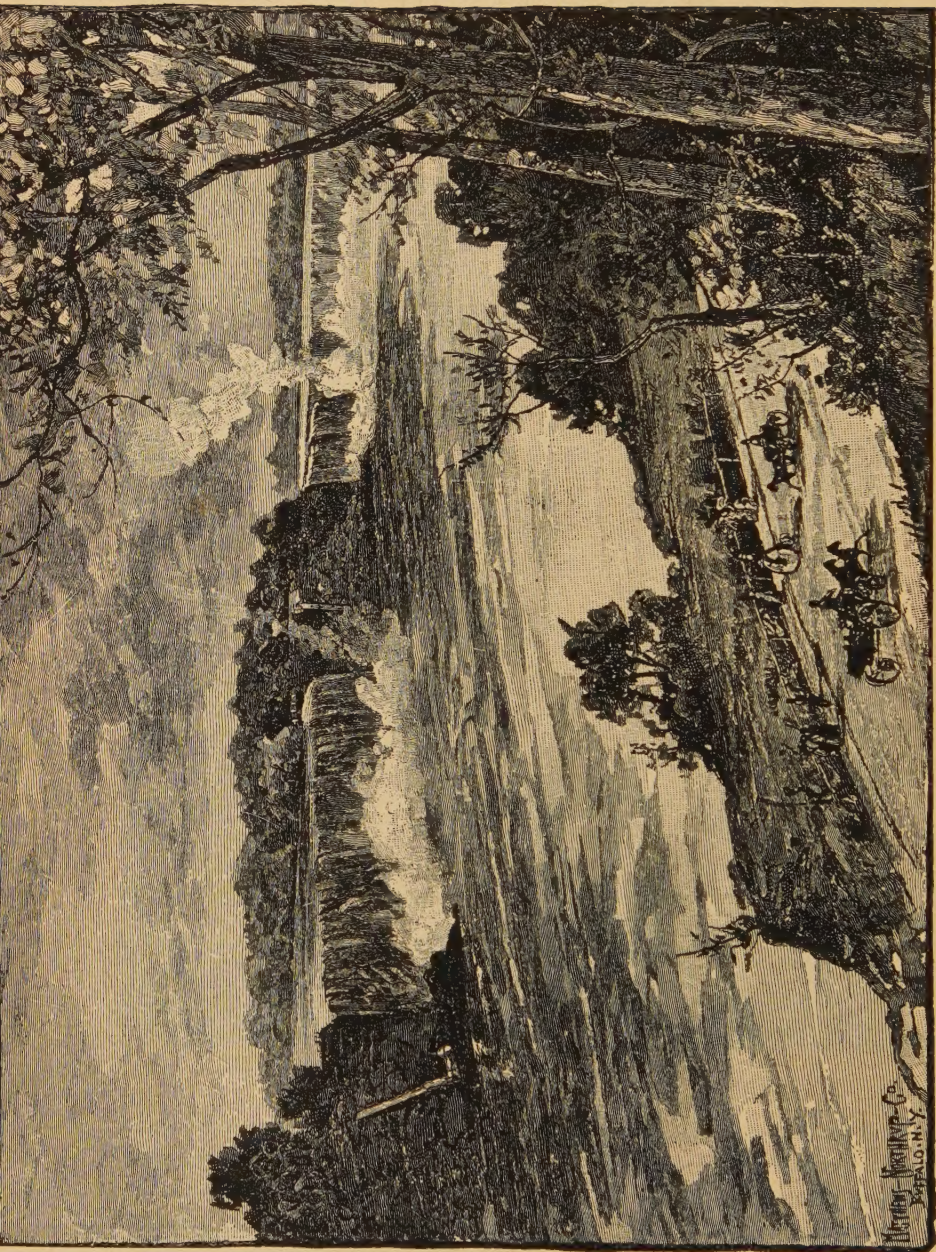
OF all the sights on this earth of ours which tourists travel to see—at least of all those which I have seen—I am inclined to give the palm to the Falls of Niagara. I know no other one thing so beautiful, so glorious, and so powerful. At
VOL. XXVII. No. 6.

Niagara there is the fall of waters alone. But that fall is more graceful than Giotto's tower, more noble than the Apollo. The peaks of the Alps are not so astounding in their solitude. The valleys of the Blue Mountains in Jamaica are less green; and the full tide of trade round the Bank of England is not so inexorably powerful.



NIAGARA FALLS BY MOONLIGHT.

All the waters of the huge northern inland seas run over that breach in the rocky bottom of the stream; and thence it comes that the flow is unceasing in its grandeur, and that no eye can perceive a difference in the weight, or sound, or violence of the fall, whether it be visited in the drought of autumn, amidst the storms of winter, or after the melting of the upper worlds



NIAGARA FALLS, AS SEEN FROM THE CANADIAN SIDE

Wm. H. Wood & Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.

of ice in the days of the early summer. At Niagara the waters never fail. There it thunders over its ledge in a volume that never ceases, and is never diminished—as it has done from time previous to the life of man, and as it will do till tens of thousands of years shall see the rocky bed of the river worn away, back to the upper lake.

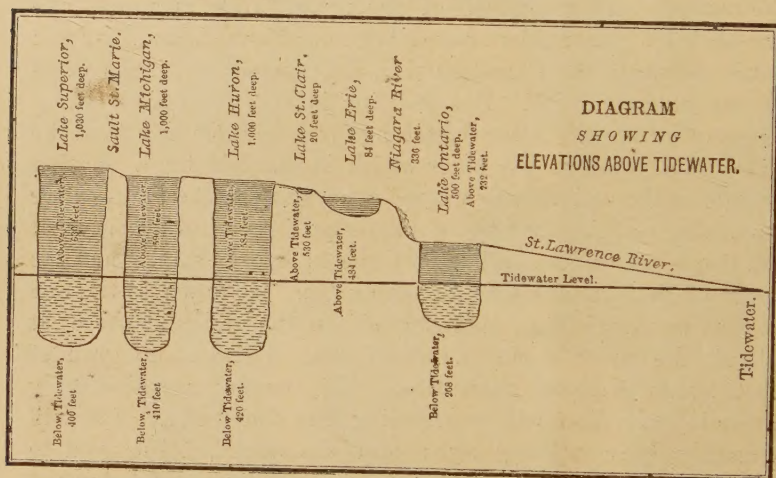
Up above the Falls, for more than a mile, the waters leap and burst over rapids, as though conscious of the destiny that awaits them. The waters, though so broken in their descent, are deliciously green. This colour as seen early in the morning, or just as the sun has set, is so bright as to give to the place one of its chief charms. This will be best seen from the further end of Goat Island.

But we will go at once on to the glory, and the thunder, and the majesty, and the wrath of the upper fall of waters. We are still, let the reader remember, on Goat Island. From hence, across to the Canadian side, the cataract continues itself in one unabated line. But the line is very far from being direct or straight. After stretching for some little way from the shore, to a point in the river which is reached by a wooden bridge, at the end of which stood a tower upon the rock—after stretching to this, the line of the ledge bends inwards against the flood—in, and in, and in, till one is led to think that the depth of that horseshoe is immeasurable. Go down to the end of that wooden bridge, seat yourself on the rail, and there sit till all the outer world is lost to you. There is no grander spot about Niagara than this. The waters are absolutely around you. You will see nothing but the water. You will certainly hear nothing else; and the sound, I beg you to remember, is not an ear-cracking, agonizing crash and clang of noises, but is melodious, and soft withal, though loud as thunder; it fills your ears, and as it were envelopes them, but at the same time you can speak to your neighbour without an effort. But at this place, and in these moments, the less of speaking I should say the better.

It is glorious to watch the waters in their first curve over the rocks. They come green as a bank of emeralds, but with a fitful flying colour, as though conscious that in one moment more they would be dashed into spray and rise into air, pale as driven snow. Your eyes rest full upon the curve of the waters. The shape you are looking at is that of a horseshoe, but of a horseshoe miraculously deep from toe to heel; and this depth

becomes greater as you sit there. That which at first was only great and beautiful becomes gigantic and sublime, till the mind is at a loss to find an epithet for its own use.

And now we will cross the water. As we do so, let me say that one of the great charms of Niagara consists in this, that, over and above that one great object of wonder and beauty, there is so much little loveliness; loveliness, especially of water, I mean. There are little rivulets running here and there over little falls, with pendent boughs above them, and stones shining under their shallow depths. As the visitor stands and looks through the trees, the rapids glitter before him, and then hide themselves behind islands. They glitter and sparkle in far distances under the bright foliage till the remembrance is lost, and one knows not which way they run.

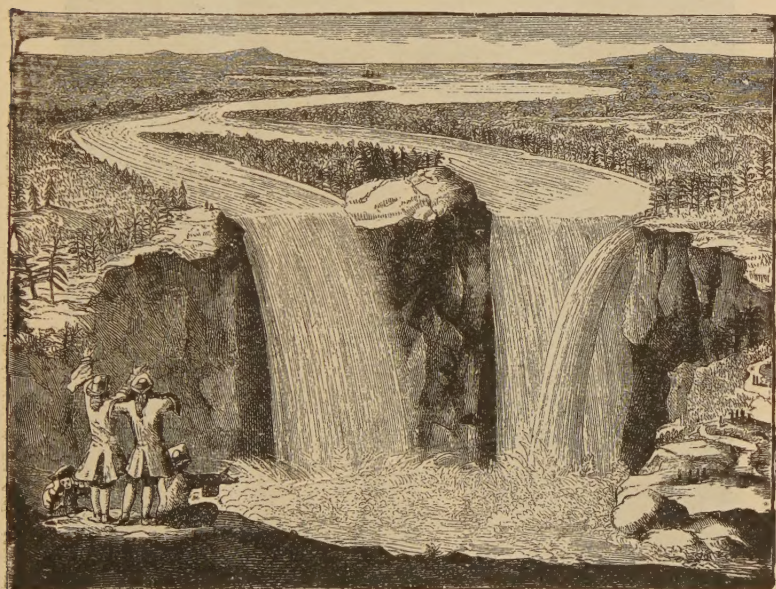


The readiest way across to Canada is by the Suspension Bridge in full view of the Falls, or by the ferry. Once on the Canada side, you will walk on toward the Falls. You will from this side look directly into the full circle of the upper cataract, while you will have before you at your left hand the whole expanse of the lesser fall. For those who desire to see all at a glance, who wish to comprise the whole with their eyes, and to leave nothing to be guessed, nothing to be surmised, this, no doubt, is the best point of view.

You will be covered with spray as you walk up to the ledge of rocks; but I do not think that the spray will hurt you. You walk on to the very edge of the cataract; and, if your

tread be steady, and your legs firm, you dip your foot into the water exactly at the spot where the thin outside margin of the current reaches the rocky edge, and jumps to join the mass of the fall. The bed of white foam beneath is certainly seen better here than elsewhere, and the plunge seems unfathomable.

Close to the cataract there is now a shaft, down which you will descend to the level of the river, and pass between the rock and the torrent. The visitor stands on a broad, safe path, between the rock over which the water rushes and the rushing



FATHER HENIPEN'S SKETCH OF NIAGARA FALLS, IN 1674.

water. He will go in so far that the spray rising back from the bed of the torrent does not incommode him. And then let him stand with his back to the entrance, thus hiding the last glimmer of the expiring day. For the first five minutes he will be looking but at the waters of a cataract—at the waters, indeed, of such a cataract as we know no other, and at their interior curves, which elsewhere we cannot see. But by-and-by all this will change. He will feel as though the floods surrounded him, coming and going with their wild sounds, and he will hardly recognize that, though among them, he is not in them. And they, as they fall with a continual roar, not hurting

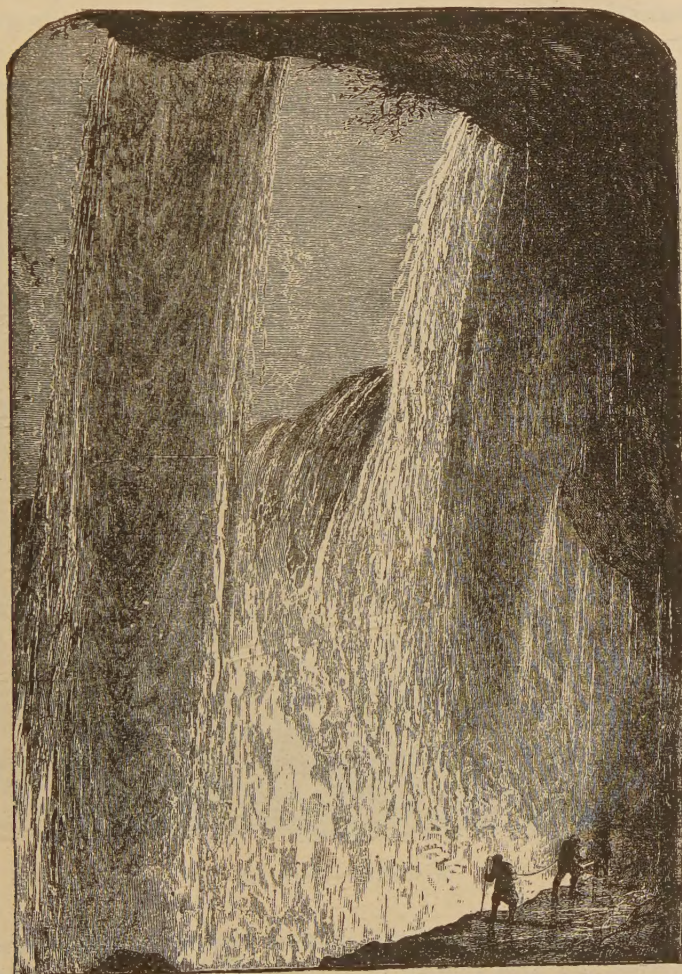
the ear, but musical withal, will seem to move as the vast ocean waters may, perhaps, move in their internal currents. The broken spray that rises from the depths below rises so strongly, so palpably, so rapidly, that the motion in every direction will



GRAND RAPIDS OF THE NIAGARA.

seem equal. And, as he looks on, strange colours will show themselves through the mist; the shades of gray will become green or blue, with ever and anon a flash of white; and then, when some gust of wind blows in with greater violence, the sea-girt cavern will become all dark and black.

Two miles below the Falls the river is crossed by a suspension bridge, and by a cantilever of marvellous construction. The view from hence, both up and down the river, is very beautiful; for the bridges are built immediately over the first of a series

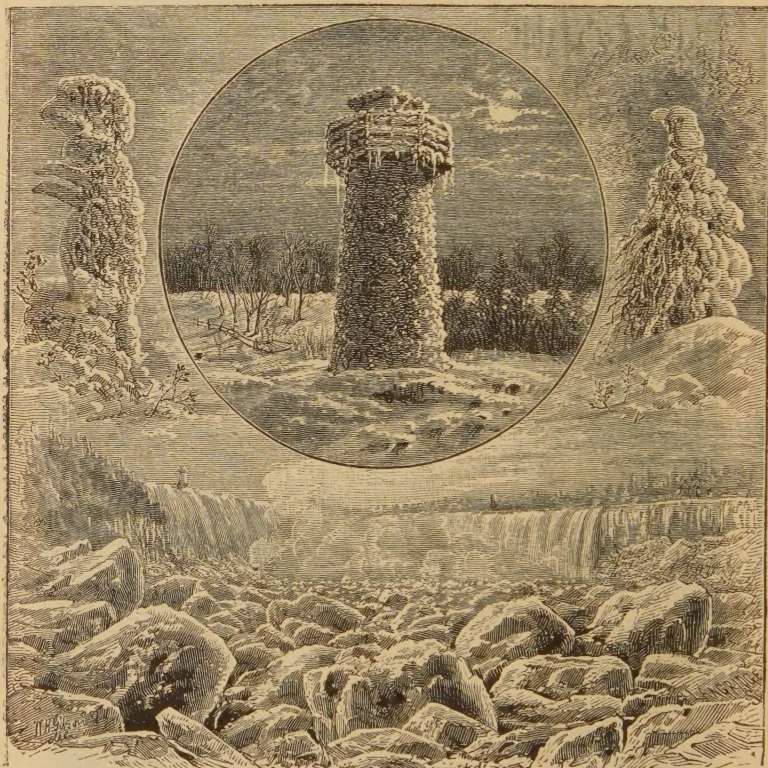


BENEATH THE CANADIAN FALLS.

of rapids. One mile below, these rapids end in a broad basin called the Whirlpool, and, issuing out of this, the current turns to the right through a narrow channel overhung by cliffs and trees, and then makes its way down to Lake Ontario with comparative tranquility.

Comparatively few persons are aware of the scenes of surpassing beauty presented by the cataract of Niagara in winter. Its appearance is then even more attractive and glorious than in the summer.

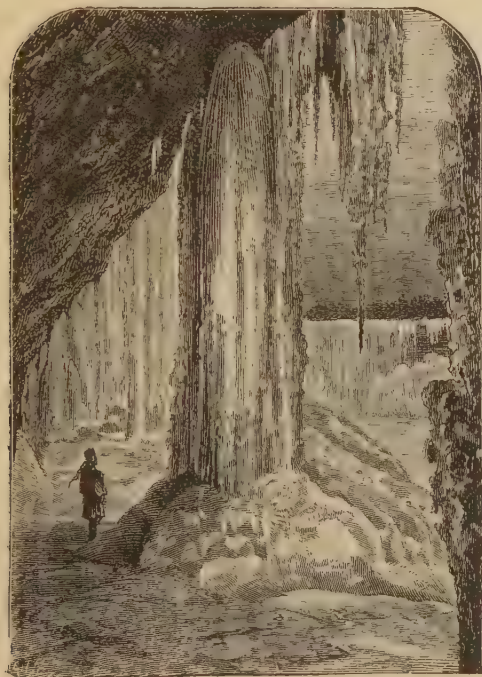
The trees are covered with the most brilliant and sparkling coruscations of snow and ice; the islands, the shrubs, the giant



NIAGARA IN WINTER.

rocks, are robed in the same spotless vesture. Frozen spray, glittering and gleaming as brightly and vivaciously as frozen sunlight, encases all things. Niagara Falls is the absolute domain of the Ice King. In bright sunshine, the flashing rays from millions of gems produce a bewitching effect. At such a moment, the characteristic attributes of Niagara seem fused and heightened into "something more exquisite still." Its sublimity and beauty experience a transfiguration. Nature is

visibly idealized. Nothing more brilliant or enchanting can be conceived. The islands whose flowers are thick-set diamonds, and forests whose branches are glittering with brilliants, and amethysts, and pearls, seem no longer a luxuriant figment of genius, but a living reality. It is as if Mammoth Cave, with its groves of stalactites, and crystal bowers, and Gothic avenues and halls, and star chambers, and flashing grottoes, were suddenly uncapped to the wintry sun, and bathed in his thrilling beams.



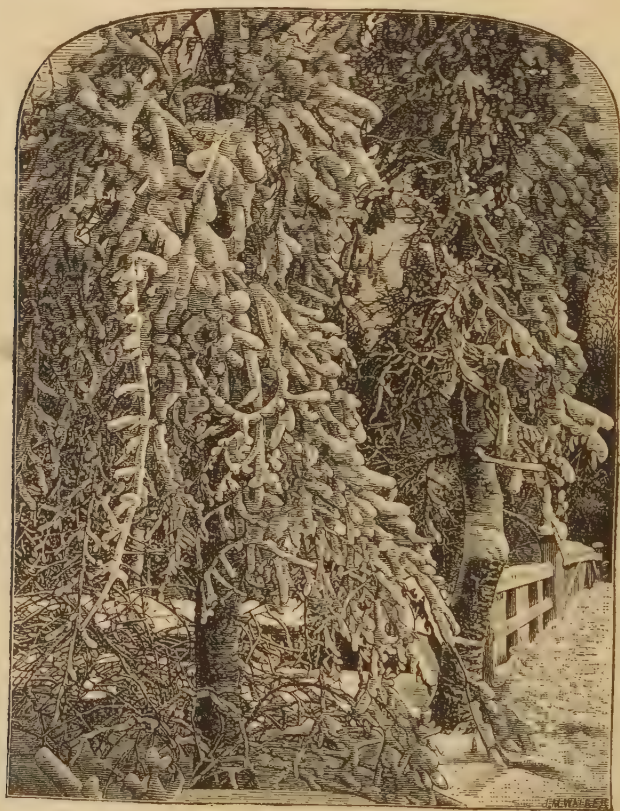
ICICLES AND STALAGMITES, BELOW THE FALLS.

Upon the occurrence of a thaw sufficient to break up the ice in Lake Erie, masses of floating ice, dis severed from the frozen lake and stream above, are precipitated over the Falls in blocks of several tons each. These remain at the foot of the cataract, from the stream being closed below, and form a natural bridge across it. As they accumulate, they get progressively piled up, like a Cyclopean wall, built of huge blocks of ice instead of stone. This singular masonry of

nature gets cemented by the spray, which, rising in clouds of mist as usual from the foot of the Falls, attaches itself in its upward progress to the icy wall, and soon gets frozen with the rest of the mass, helping to fill up the interstices between the larger blocks of which this architecture is composed.

This icy wall, or mound, rises up from the base of the torrent in a bulwark of pyramidal form, in front of the Falls, within a few feet of the edge of the precipice, to a height

sometimes of from twenty to forty feet above the level of the upper stream. Scaling the mound is an exhilarating and laborious exercise; but the near sight of the maddened waters plunging into the depths of the vortex below, is a fitting reward for the adventurous undertaking.



WINTER FOLIAGE, GOAT ISLAND.

The ice-bridge generally extends from the Horse-Shoe Fall to a point near the railway bridge, lasts generally from two to three months, and is crossed by hundreds of foot passengers during the winter. The ice forming the bridge is ordinarily from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet thick, rising from fifty to sixty feet above the natural surface of the river. The tinge of the waters from the dark green of summer, is changed to a muddy yellow; huge icicles, formed by an accumulation of frozen spray, hang perpendicularly from the rocks;

the trees on Goat Island and Prospect Park seem partially buried ; a mass of quaint and curious crystalline forms standing in lieu of the bushes ; the buildings seem to sink under ponderous coverings of snow and ice ; the tops of trees and points of rock on which the dazzling white frost work does not lie, stand out in bold contrast, forming the deep shadows of the entrancing picture ; the whole presents a wild, savage aspect, grand and imposing.

"I have seen the Falls in all weathers and in all seasons," says Bayard Taylor, "but to my mind the winter view is most beautiful. I saw them first during the hard winter of 1854, when a hundred cataracts of ice hung from the cliffs on either side, when the masses of ice brought down from Lake Erie were together at the foot, uniting the shore with a rugged bridge, and when every twig of every tree and bush on Goat Island was overlaid an inch deep with a coating of solid crystal. The air was still, and the sun shone in a cloudless sky. The green of the fall, set in a landscape of sparkling silver, was infinitely more brilliant than in summer, when it is balanced by the trees, and the rainbows were almost too glorious for the eye to bear. I was not impressed by the sublimity of the scene, nor even by its terror, but solely by the fascination of its wonderful beauty—a fascination which continually tempted me to plunge into that sea of fused emerald, and lose myself in the dance of the rainbows. With each succeeding visit, Niagara has grown in height, in power, in majesty, in solemnity ; but I have seen its climax of beauty."

DISCIPLINE.

BY CARDINAL NEWMAN.

PRUNE thou thy words, thy thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng ;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,
Where hearts and will are weighed,
Than brightest transport's choicest prayers
Which bloom their hour and fade.

OCEAN GROVE—ASBURY PARK.

BY WARRING KENNEDY, ESQ.



SUNSET ON THE BEACH.

THE two places above named are virtually one, although under separate municipal government. They are situated in the State of New Jersey, immediately on the shore of the Atlantic, on the most beautiful stretch of ocean front along the coast, and can be reached by a two hours' ride on the Pennsylvania Railway from the City of New York. Already their fame has spread across the continent, and guests are found from distant southern and western points, enjoying their invigorating delights. The natural advantages that environ them, the springs of pure water, the perfect system of drainage and the many other elements that enter into the "make-up" of a first-class watering-place, are all there to such an extent that they rank among the most attractive and enjoyable seaside resorts on this continent. Ocean Grove comprises over three hundred acres of land, two-thirds of which are groves. The whole is laid out in grand avenues from eighty to three hundred feet wide. Main Avenue from the gates to the sea is one of the finest drives on the continent. On these avenues about eight hundred cottages are now built, varying in cost

from \$300 to \$5,000. There are, in addition, buildings consisting of boarding-houses, stores, and such other edifices as the business of the place demands. Tents, which are dry and comfortable, are also used by many persons.

The government of Ocean Grove is strictly religious, it being in the charge of thirteen ministers and thirteen laymen, all of whom must be members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Yet the place is in no way sectarian—its population being composed of all denominations of Christians. The great event of



TENTING GROUNDS.

each year is the Methodist camp-meeting, for the promotion of Christian holiness, particularly referred to further on. This, together with other religious services, which are held daily from the beginning of the season till its close, covers a period of about four months. The gates are closed on the Sabbath, and the quietness that becomes that holy day everywhere prevails. Neither liquor nor tobacco is sold upon the ground. "Holiness to the Lord" is the motto of the place. The object of the Association is to provide a sea-side garden of rest for Christian people, free from the vices and temptations usually found at fashionable watering places.

The growth of the place up to this period far exceeds the expectations of the originators. Unlooked-for problems have been met and solved, especially that of sewerage and water supply. The sanitary condition of the place, even in the heat of summer and during heavy rains, is remarkably good. There is very little sickness, and the majority of those who are under the care of a physician, come to the place in search of good health. Ocean Grove is eighteen years old (past). The first meeting was held at the grounds on 31st July, 1869. A large and beautiful vase now marks the spot. It was held in a tent with twenty persons present, which included all to be found within one mile and a quarter of the only family living on the ground. Now one hundred and fourteen daily trains stop during the season and nearly half a million of persons visit the grounds. The first purchase was six acres. An association of twenty-six persons was soon formed, and they purchased the tract comprising the three hundred acres between Wesley and Fletcher Lakes. It is said that a portion of this property which was purchased for \$500, cost \$15,000 additional to obtain a clear title.

Asbury Park is separated from Ocean Grove by a beautiful sheet of water about a mile in length, called Wesley Lake, which empties its overflow through a flume conducted under the ocean plaza to the sea. This plaza presents an unbroken plank walk, extending about two miles. Along the front of Ocean Grove and Asbury Park is one of the finest sea-side promenades to be anywhere found. Varying from sixteen to thirty-two feet in width, it is thickly studded on each side with comfortable settees. Visitors may walk or sit in full view of the sea, with the waters breaking almost to their feet.

There are also commodious pavilions extending out into the sea, where one may sit and listen to the "sad sea waves," and the bands of music which frequently play. Thousands of persons enjoy their promenade every evening on the plaza, under the blaze of the magnificent electric lights.

Wesley Lake is literally covered with pleasure boats from early dawn till long after dark. The boats are fantastically dressed, and at night are illuminated with Chinese lanterns, which produce an enchanting effect. There are two points where ferry boats are constantly crossing, and the fare is only one cent each way. No boating is allowed on Sunday on the lakes, but the ferry boats are run to accommodate those attending church.

The progress of Ocean Grove is only equalled by that of Asbury Park, the success of which is marvellous. A permanent town has grown up, arising from the necessities of the situation. The property, then a wilderness, containing five hundred acres, was bought in 1870, by Mr. James A. Bradley, of New

York, for \$90,000. It was first offered to the Ocean Grove Association, who were urged by the late Bishop Simpson to buy it, but they declined.

The founder of Asbury Park, with an intense and life-long hatred of the liquor traffic, determined that the deeds to purchasers should contain a clause prohibiting all sale of intoxicating liquor and the thousands of deeds on record at the county clerk's office contain a protest against this curse of society. Asbury Park contains ten churches. The assessed value of the place is over \$2,000,000. An electric street railway is in full operation.



THOMPSON'S PARK.

Both Ocean Grove and Asbury Park are under good municipal government. The police surveillance is excellent, and every precaution that forethought could devise is taken for the safety of bathers. The bathing is unsurpassed. The temperature of the water ranged during the end of August from 68° to 71°. At the various bathing places, there are bathing masters in readiness with ropes and boats, should a life be imperilled. If the surf be heavy, tide high, and current strong, danger signals are immediately planted along the beach. An accident

seldom occurs, but the wonder is that a great many do not occur, when the fact is considered that as many as a thousand persons may be seen in the water at once, and often when the surf is heavy. The regulations relating to propriety in dress and demeanour are strictly enforced. I know of no sea-side resort on this continent, where young persons would be as safe from immoral influence as at Ocean Grove or Asbury Park, but especially the former.



AMONG THE TENTS—LAKE PATHWAY.

OCEAN GROVE CAMP-MEETING.

In these modern days, it may not be regarded so much an innovation as simply returning to primitive customs, when we find multitudes seeking the woodland for song, praise and worship. "The groves were first God's temples." In southern climes, or here at the north during the summer season, how enjoyable are the enthusiastic gatherings of the people, as held beneath the spreading groves and the variegated forest beauty of our land. The very place is an inspiration to the human heart, leading one to cry: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." There are between forty and fifty camp-meetings held every summer

in various parts of the United States, but none equals in importance that at Ocean Grove. The auditorium covers nearly half an acre. Its seating capacity is 5,000 adults, and when all the standing room is occupied, about 6,000 people can hear. It is covered overhead, open at the sides, encircled by a magnificent grove of trees, and the whole environed by tents and cottages. Ocean Grove Camp was the first in the world to be illuminated by electric lights. Fifty years ago pine knots made the best light obtainable. Then came tallow dips, then kerosene, then gas, and now harnessed lightning. Ocean Grove has in turn employed three of the five methods. There are also several auxiliary buildings on the grounds, in which services are continually held during the camp-meeting season. In fact, Ocean Grove forms one great temple of worship at this period, from which prayer and praise unceasingly ascend.

The religious exercises of various kinds held during the summer at the Grove, all culminate in the annual camp-meeting, which is looked upon as a period of special ingathering—a great harvest-time of souls. Other meetings give interest, this centralizes. Around the camp-meeting, as the representatives of the religious idea, all the “city by the sea” is gathered. All previous days, weeks and months have been preparative. Now the actual conflict begins. Dr. Stokes, the veteran leader, marshals the sacramental host. Multitudes who have been on the Mount of Communion, with joyous heart and beaming faces, are ready for the work. Saved themselves, they desire to be the instrument of saving others. Anticipation full of the highest hope looking out upon the assembled thousands, claims them for Christ. In this spirit, Monday, the 22nd day of August, 1887, was ushered in. The usual meeting was held in the morning at 9 o’clock. At 10.30 a.m. a large congregation met in the auditorium to spend one hour in prayer. A number of brief, earnest, direct, heartfelt prayers of faith, took hold of God. The blessing came, and the place became the vestibule of heaven. In this jubilant spirit and under an afflatus of joy the entire auditorium became an altar of consecration. Every heart seemed confident that a marvellous triumph was at hand. In the evening, at 7.30, the communion service was held, conducted by Bishop Andrews, and assisted by about fifty other ministers. The occasion was one of special solemnity and power.

On Tuesday, all the meetings connected with the camp com-

menced, including twelve services at various hours, from early morning till night. The opening sermon was preached by Bishop Andrews, from Acts xvi. 31, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." He said: "This is the first recorded sermon preached on European soil. The time was strange—midnight. The place was strange—a dungeon. The hearer was strange—a jailer. The preachers were strange—prisoners who had been liberated from the stocks; and so began the truth that affected the destiny of so many human souls. The whole sermon was clear, scriptural, Methodistic, earnest, eloquent, and lifted all hearts to God. It was a grand start on the salvation line, and for ten days the ministers followed the path which the initial sermon so clearly marked. The preachers



IN THE SURF.

were stirred, the vast audience moved, shouts and tears told that every sentence took hold on all present. The effect was indescribable. The auditorium preachers on Wednesday, the 24th, were Rev. Joseph Cookman, D.D., Methodist; Rev. Madison C. Peters, Presbyterian; and Rev. J. Handley, Methodist. Dr. Cookman's discourse, founded on Heb. viii. 5, was novel in its typical suggestions of Christian life as modelled on the great Divine pattern—Christ Himself. He made a touching allusion to his ascended brother, who had stood before the Ocean Grove audience at a great love-feast, and holding up his right hand, announced, "Alfred Cookman, washed in the blood of the Lamb." At the close the altar was filled with seekers.

The Rev. R. J. Andrews opened each day's proceedings with a consecration meeting, at 5.45 a.m., too early for a popular

gathering, but just the time for a class who like to enjoy the liberty of the children of God. One thousand people filled the tabernacle promptly at the hour.

No more lovely sight can be witnessed than to watch the people issue with their children from tents and cottages for family devotions in the auditorium, at a quarter before seven o'clock a.m. This brief service is made very impressive. Dr.



PROF. SANDER'S COTTAGE, LAKE AVENUE.

Stokes, the President, managed to get in more work at this meeting than any preacher, for the time spent. There is a hymn, a prayer, a Scripture lesson, three more hymns, six volunteer prayers, the Lord's Prayer, doxology, and the benediction, just as the clock strikes seven. The twilight meetings, which were conducted by Mr. Yatman in the Temple, at 6.30 every evening, were deeply interesting. Those who attended had, of course, to be content with an early and hurried cup of tea, but they were

afterwards "abundantly satisfied with the fatness of His house and drank of the rivers of His pleasure." The singing at these meetings was absolutely grand, and the presence of God was sensibly felt. Every night there were inquirers for salvation.

On Thursday, the 25th August, the preachers in the auditorium were, Revs. G. D. Carrow, D.D., and M. Newkirk, D.D., Philadelphia; and Dr. Hulburd, New York. Dr. Newkirk preached from 1 Tim. i. 7, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth from all sin." Sin he portrayed in the darkest hues, and multi-form in development, but for its extirpation he showed there was an available remedy; and how this remedy is reached he expounded with vigour and telling effect. As the preacher sat down, Dr. Stokes advanced to the front, and called several ministers of different denominations to his side, and obtained their attestation to the substantial truth of the text, to show how near all evangelical ministers came together in their views. At the close of Dr. Newkirk's sermon a very touching incident occurred. A child had wandered away in the vast audience from his father's side, and began to weep bitterly. A gentleman took the child in his arms and placed him on the platform, so as to attract the attention of the parents. No sooner had the father caught a glimpse of the child than he bounded forward, and with open arms received his boy. Dr. Stokes was equal to the occasion, and with his characteristic versatility turned this to good account. He described the sinner like that child, as a wanderer from God, and the father's anxiety for his return, and closed with a powerful appeal to the unconverted and backsliders to come to Jesus. The effect was marvellous: there was a rush to the altar of prayer, while the hymn was being sung:

"Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss His late returning son."

And many then and there gave their hearts to God. This incident has been beautifully narrated in verse by Mrs. M. Ella Cornell. The preacher referred to in the fourth stanza was Dr. Stokes, the President of the meeting.

"The man of God has told the story well,
The dear old story of the precious blood,
That, shed on Calvary to wash man's sins,
Is free to all, a blessed cleansing flood."

He told them of the Father's yearning heart,
That for their sins gave His dear Son to die;
Whose hand is ready and His ear intent
To catch a murmured penitential cry.

The vast assemblage hung upon His words,
And faithful hearts to God were raised in prayer,
When suddenly a little stir was seen,
And childish weeping rose upon the air.
A little one, among the crowd that stood,
Had wandered from his father's side away,
And failing in the crowd to see his face
Had wandered far, and farther still away.

A kindly hand led to the pulpit high
The little child, that this might help afford
To bring the wanderer to his father's view,
That to his arms his child might be restored.
'Twas all that needed was; the father's eyes
Were seeking for the lost one far and near;
One glance, then open arms received the boy,
Then joy and gladness took the place of fear.

Then rose the preacher's voice, and told of One—
The Heavenly Father—who so long has sought
To find His lost ones who have wandered far
In ways that are with unseen dangers fraught.
He urged them to but raise their hearts in prayer,
And ask the living God to take them home,
To give them shelter in His heart of love
That from His favour they might never roam.

And there were eyes, that day, that filled with tears
Of penitence o'er sad neglect of God;
And hearts that turned loathing from the paths
Of sin that they had sought and thoughtless trod.
The Father seeketh still the lost that roam!
Some wanderer, who reads these lines to-day,
May find e'en now in that dear love to God
A resting-place forever and for aye."

Dr. Hulburt preached in the evening from Acts i. 8, "But ye shall receive power," etc. He said, that the secret and source of power is the Spirit's operation in the Church, and the forgetfulness of this, the beginning of weakness. With Christ two or three make a Church; without Him a million do not. This sermon held the thousands in admiring attention. At its close many seekers surrounded the chancel rails.

To dwell at length upon all the services held in connection

with the camp-meeting would be impossible, but we cannot omit reference to the very important auxiliary meeting which was conducted by Mrs. Lizzie Smith, each day at 1.30 p.m., in the tabernacle. There was no more powerful meeting conducted during the series—a meeting for deep heart-search-



WESLEY LAKE.

ing, where souls were led out into the clear light of sanctification. Backsliders were reclaimed, and the songs of praise from souls just saved were heard. The glory of God rested upon the tabernacle.

The preachers who officiated in the auditorium on Friday, the 26th, were the Rev. James H. Stargis, of the Methodist

Episcopal Church ; Rev. Dr. Levy, Baptist, Philadelphia ; and the Rev. Geo. J. Mingins, D.D., New York.

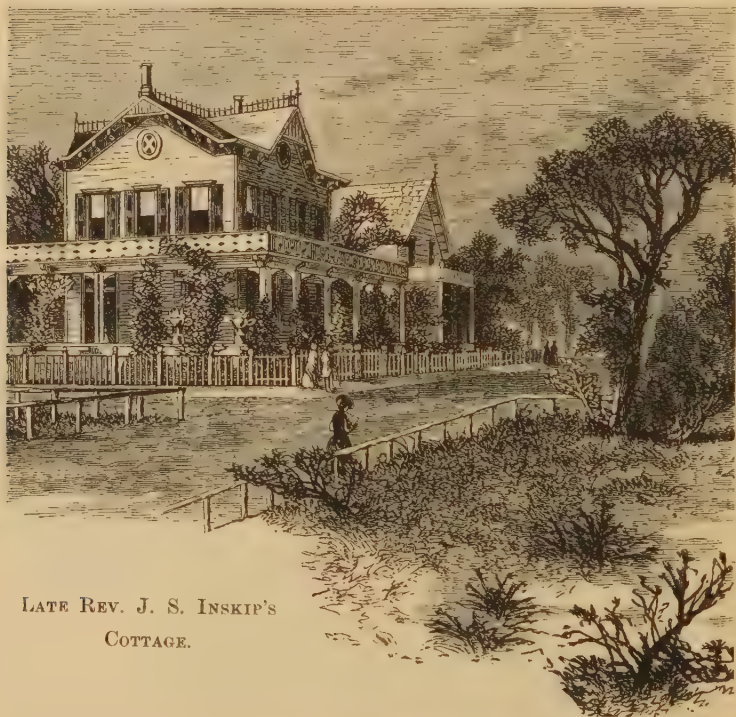
All the discourses delivered at the camp-meeting were characterized by richness in Scripture truth, brilliant oratory and spiritual power. No ordinary man can stand up before 6,000 people in Ocean Grove. It is a trying ordeal.

Dr. Levy's sermon was a marvellous effort, his theme was "The baptism of fire." Matt. iii. 2 and Acts i. 4-5. We regret that our space will not permit us to give an outline of this discourse. The speaker closed by an earnest exhortation to all Christians to seek and obtain this baptism of fire, which was followed by a season of consecration. Dr. Levy exhibited all the flexibility in adaptation of the most pronounced Methodist, and was entirely at home. I was impressed with the thought that the success of the Baptist Church in the United States is largely owing to the fact that their preachers, as a rule, manifest much of the intense moral earnestness that characterizes Methodism.

We hasten to notice camp-meeting Sabbath—the great day of the feast. It was a matchless day, and came in quiet splendour. The weather was all that could be desired, and the throngs inside and outside the auditorium were immense. At 5.45 a.m. the consecration meeting was attended by a thousand people. The people were thoroughly in earnest, and one hundred persons came forward to the altar of prayer, and the meeting closed with shouts of victory.

The Love-feast.—Time and waiting appeared to be of no account, if a seat could be secured for this service. At 9 o'clock a.m. all interests converged in the auditorium. It was a struggle to get wedged in somewhere on the platform or about the chancel railing. Every inch of available space within the vast enclosure was packed with people, making even standing room a desired privilege. Prompt to the minute, Dr. Stokes steps forward and announces: "Blest be the tie that binds," etc. Every one seems to know the hymn and joins in swelling the rising tide of the sacred harmony, until the last strain sinks into the hush of prayer. Part of Acts ii. was read, giving the wonderful account of "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians, we do hear them

speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God." Dr. Stokes then depicted the old-fashioned love-feasts, to attend which people often journeyed many miles. In one respect, however, for economy of time, it was not deemed necessary to observe primitive usage in the distribution of bread and water; as that was only the outward and visible sign of Christian fellowship, the end could be answered in another way. "Let us," said he, "shake hands in a hearty way." The hand-shaking was a



LATE REV. J. S. INSKIP'S
COTTAGE.

thrilling episode, the order being for each person to turn and grasp the hands of his fellow-neighbours as far as he could reach. In an instant preachers on the stand, men and women all over the auditorium were on their feet, shouting "Praise the Lord." To see the extended hands of 6,000 people reaching toward the Doctor was indeed a curious spectacle.

The love-feast had begun. This opened the way for Christian testimony, and for one hour and a half the Lord's people "spake one to another." It was a surging tide of sacred sentiment, reviewing long and happy lives spent in His service. We feel

that our resources are painfully inadequate to sketch the scene. The speaking we cannot attempt to follow. At times there were two, three, and on up to a dozen, on their feet at once, and the Doctor pronounced it "glorious harmony in apparent confusion." Professor Sweeney put his sentiments in song, "Is not this the land of Beulah." Mrs. Inskip felt the ocean of God's love flowing in wave after wave over her soul. She wanted to send a telegram to her ascended husband, saying, "I'll be there, I'll be there."



THE BATHING GROUNDS.

A little girl on the platform, left her father's knee and, advancing to the front, said: "Jesus is the Rock of my salvation." A minister from Pennsylvania said: "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, took away his sins and filled him with joy." "It is the same Divine Lord we rejoice to know and feel in Maryland," said a sister. Mr. Yatman said he had been a great sinner, but he found a great Saviour, and a great salvation. This same Jesus is here to-day, able to save. Will you accept him? Don't you want Christ now? Stand up if you are willing to trust Him this moment! Yes, there is one, two, six, eight, twelve, sixteen up. O, "ring the

bells of heaven," and so the great love-feast closed, after three hundred and three persons had spoken in an hour and a half, and seventeen seekers had fully cast in their lot with the people of God.

At 10.30 a.m. a disposition of the forces was made for a general advance, outside the main body, in skirmishing order. Dr. Hamlin, of Pennsylvania, was the auditorium preacher, and while he was unfolding his great theme, the Rev. Dr. Paulson preached to a crowded audience in the Young People's Temple, and the Rev. F. Smiley preached in the Tabernacle. Another preacher addressed an immense audience in the Helping-Hand tent. Rev. Peter O. Matthews, the Indian preacher, filled the pulpit of St. Paul's. Three services were also held at the same hour along the beach. All told, there were ten thousand people brought at once under the "gladly solemn sound."

Dr. Hamlin's sermon on this occasion was one of the grandest discourses I ever listened to. His text was, Acts vi. 8: "And Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people." He dwelt on those elements of moral power which distinguished Stephen as a man, a Christian and hero in the conflict of early Christianity. The analysis was graphic, every period a rhetorical gem, and the description of Stephen's defence before the Sanhedrin, and his vision of heaven opened, was overpowering in sublimity and pathos. He said: "Like a rock in mid-ocean he stands where once his Master stood before a conclave of devils, but his face was as the face of an angel. The heavens opened and a ray of celestial light fell upon him. He looks steadfastly up into heaven, as if appealing for help and justice. This is the natural attitude of the believer, looking to the everlasting hills, to examine the house he is going to occupy. He finds the gates ajar. His gaze goes on to the throne. He sees a man right there and knows him. 'Behold! I see the heavens opened and Jesus standing.' Jesus is usually represented as sitting on the right hand of His Father. Something brought Him to His feet. Here we see the sympathy of heaven in the moral conflicts of earth. After such a vision what has Stephen to fear? He is in the coronation chamber of the King of kings. Welcome the martyr's crown! He is taken rudely to the place of execution. Hark! he prays, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!' They stoned Stephen, but they could not kill him, he only fell asleep. His spirit mounts up, up, up to be with Christ."

During the delivery, the greatest excitement, at times, swept over the vast audience, and shouts were heard as the last scene was portrayed, when Jesus appears to his heroic servant to give him the martyr's crown. The people were lifted far above the ordinary plain of life, quite to the mount of transfiguration, where for a time they seemed to see Jesus only.

In the afternoon, the Rev. J. Jackson Wray, of the Whitfield Tabernacle, London, England, preached in the auditorium from *Psa. xcii. 12*, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon." The preacher made a profound impression. Shouts rang, and tears fell like rain.



STRANDED ON THE BEACH.

One of the most beautiful and impressive services held at Ocean Grove is the surf service, at 6 o'clock p.m., on Sabbath evening. I had the privilege of attending two. On both occasions the air was calm, and the sea comparatively quiet. Ten thousand people sat or stood on the beach in front of the platform, while ten thousand more crowded the broad plank walk. "Salvation" and "Divine Protection" were the themes, respectively, on these occasions. Appropriate hymns were sung, and suitable addresses delivered. Several instruments, with members of the auditorium choir, led the singing. To those who had never before witnessed a surf meeting, the thing was indescribable. The twilight hour was like heaven. The last song I heard at the surf meeting was: "Shall we meet beyond the river," when suddenly the electric light flashed out.

along the shore. At the close of the evening service in the auditorium, multitudes lingered around the altar for prayer, some seeking the Lord, and others rendering thanks to God in holy song, for a day of such mercy and grace as many present had never experienced before. Such a Sabbath! It could not be described. I thought it was a realization of the words in Revelation: "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God."

Before coming to the closing service of the camp, I will refer to the sermon of our old friend, the Rev. Thomas Griffith, Ph.D., former pastor of the Spadina Avenue Methodist Church, Toronto, on the touching narrative of Samaria's daughter at the well. John iv. 14, 15: "Living Water." In a very eloquent manner he founded an argument of great strength and beauty for the sufficiency and fulness of the Gospel to satisfy and save the immortal soul. 1st, "Human expedients fail to quench thirst." 2nd, "God's provision." 3rd, "The timely prayer—'Sir, give me this water.'" In language, manner and copiousness of illustration, Dr. Griffith made a fine impression, nor was he the least embarrassed by the "amens," as he preached along the line of unfolding the riches of grace in Christ Jesus, symbolized by the living water.

The last day of the camp-meeting was ushered in with a "sunrise service" in the pavilion, conducted by Mr. Yatman, at 5 o'clock a.m. The sunrise was magnificent, the eastern sky was tinted with gray and gold, the heavy clouds began breaking away, and the combined effect of subdued colour of land, sea and sky formed a pleasing picture, not soon to be effaced from the memory. The little company sang a few verses of a hymn, when suddenly the whole heavens were lit up, and the golden orb of day, leaping from the ocean, began his daily round. A prayer was then offered, and the beautiful hymn, "Sun of my soul," was sung, after which Scripture selections were read. Mr. Yatman preached a ten minutes' sermon, and the meeting concluded.

At 9 o'clock, twenty-six infants were presented for baptism in the auditorium. Then began the last communion; 104 ministers participated; 2,114 persons successively knelt at the chancel railing and received the consecrated elements. The most affecting scene during the progress of the sacrament was the marching in of one hundred and twenty converted children,

headed by Mrs. Inskip and Mr. Thornley, with several assistants from the Tabernacle. They came in singing, the whole congregation rising and joining them in the song, "Precious Jewels." When this juvenile company stood in a semi-circle around the altar, and were addressed, many older people wept in pure sympathetic joy, and in due time the procession filed out again, to allow the service to proceed. The last communicant having come and retired, Dr. Stokes proceeded to acknowledge his obligations to ministers, ushers, choir, reporters, etc.

A report was then submitted of the statistical results:— Number converted, 642; reclaimed, 190; sanctified, 350;



SUNSET FROM SHELDON HOUSE.

specially helped, 8,400; total of those known to be savingly touched by the present meeting, 9,582. No figures, however, can more than approximate the wonderful results of a season at Ocean Grove, since thousands come and go; and in their homes and churches all over the land, from Maine to California, show the fruits of blessings realized on the ground. Eternity only will reveal the results. Let those who say Methodism is degenerating visit an Ocean Grove camp-meeting. Everything there has a true Methodist ring. The doctrines of a present salvation and holiness of heart are faithfully preached, and the attainment as earnestly enforced, as in the days of Wesley and Whitefield, Asbury and Summerfield.

The service closed under deep and widespread emotion, as

the ministers, arm in arm, headed a long procession which encircled the auditorium two or three times, with kindling songs, of "We're marching onward to Zion," and other hymns, and then returned to the platform, where a show of hands was asked and given, attesting faith in Christ and assurance of heaven, also from those who then and there resolved to become followers of Christ.

The last moment had come. "I now," said Dr. Stokes, "pronounce the Ocean Grove camp-meeting of 1887 closed, in the name of the Father (toll of the bell), and of the Son (toll of the bell), and of the Holy Ghost (toll of the bell), Amen."

THE INNER CALM.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow ;
But like the night dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast ;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Let Thine outstretched wing
Be like the shake of Elim's palm
Beside her desert spring.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street.

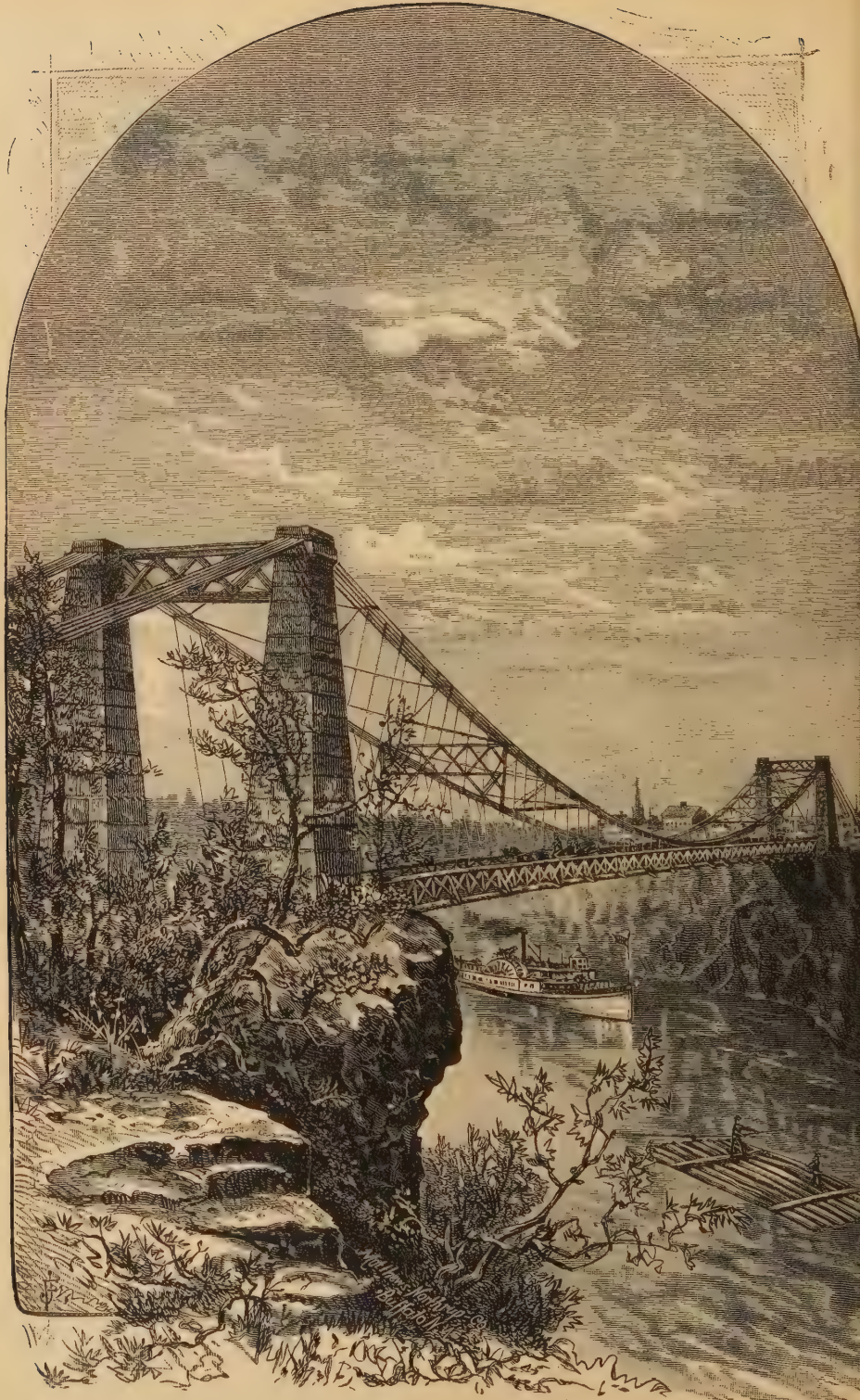
Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in the hour of pain ;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain.

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame ;
Calm 'mid the threat'ning, taunting throng
Who hate Thy holy name.

Calm when the great world's news with power
My listening spirit stir ;
Let not tidings of an hour
E'er find too fond an ear.

Calm as the ray of sun or star
Which storms assail in vain,
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.

—Bonar.



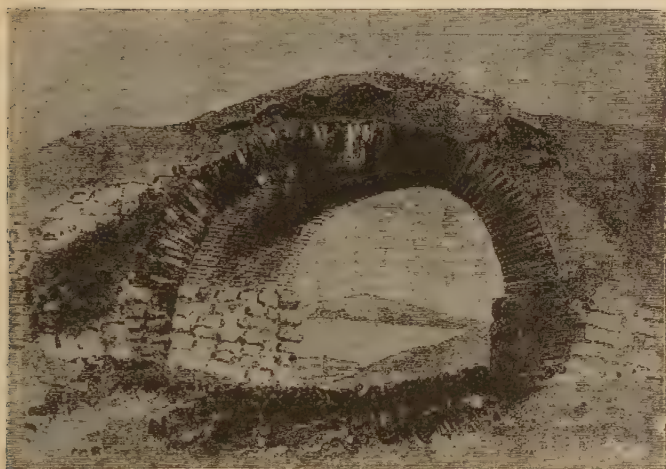
PUBLIC ROAD SUSPENSION BRIDGE, FALLS OF THE ST. JOHN RIVER, ST. JOHN, N.B.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

BY THE EDITOR.

IV.

ANNAPOLIS.



ANCIENT ARCHWAY, IN OLD FORT, ANNAPOLIS.

THE point of central interest, in the ancient and historic town of Annapolis, to which the tourist first makes his way, is the old dismantled fort. It is at the very water's edge and covers with its ramparts and outworks an area of twenty-eight acres. The extensive earthworks—ramparts and curtains, bastions and demilunes—are softly rounded by the gentle ministries of nature, and are covered with turf of softest texture and greenest hue. An inner fort, entered by an arched stone gateway, contains an ample parade ground. At one side are built the quaint old English wooden barracks, still in good condition. They are surmounted by a steep wooden roof with great chimney stacks. It is quite unique among structures of the kind in that, while containing thirty-six rooms, each room, as the young girl who acted as my guide informed me, has a separate fireplace. In one of the bastions is the magazine, with a vaulted roof of Caen stone, the keystone

bearing the date 1707—three years before its final capture by the British. Near by are the ruins of the earlier French barracks. An arched passage, now fallen in, led down to the old French wharf, which is now a crumbling mass of blackened stones mantled thickly with sea-weed.

The view from the north-west bastion is very beautiful, including the far-shining Annapolis basin amid its environment of forest-clad hills, and the twin villages of Annapolis and Granville Ferry. In the distance to the left is seen a long, low, rambling farm-house, nearly two hundred years old, the only one now remaining of the old French settlement. As I looked upon the pleasant scene, I could not help thinking of the time, well-nigh three hundred years ago, when De Monts and his sturdy band of French pioneers first sailed up the lonely waters of that placid bay and planted their little fort, the only habitation of civilized men, on the outermost fringe of the vast wilderness stretching from Florida to the North Pole. Then came memories of the poet pioneer, Lescarbot, fresh from the gay salons of Paris, cheering the solitude of the long and dreary winters with his classic masques and pageants, and organizing "*L'Ordre de Bon Temps*" for festivity and good fellowship, holding their daily banquets with feudal state around their blazing fires. It was a strange picture, especially in view of the subsequent suffering, disappointment and wrong which visited the hapless colony. For Port Royal was the grave of many hopes, and its early history was a perfect Iliad of disaster. Strange that when there were only two or three scattered groups of Spanish, French and English settlers on the whole continent, each of which could scarce hold the ground which it possessed, they could not desist from attacking each other's settlements. In those early raids were begun those long and bloody wars which afterwards devastated the whole continent.

Before I came away I took a long draught from the cool well, which had quenched the thirst of so many generations of men. Then I turned into the quiet God's acre where "the peaceful fathers of the hamlet sleep." Amid the tangled grass and briars I tried to decipher some of the later inscriptions. I noticed one of date 1763, and another of John Bernard Gilpin, Esq., who died 1811, aged ninety-eight, also the epitaphs of his son and grandson. Their crest was a very curious one—a boar, with the legend "*Dictis factisque simplex.*" On one lichen-

stained stone I read this touching avowal of faith—"which promise He for His part will most surely keep and perform." My attention was called to the grave of "the Spanish lady"—Gregoria Remonia Antonia—who lives in local legend as a light-of-love companion of the Duke of Wellington. When the Iron Duke wished to sever the unblessed connection, says the legend, she was sent to Annapolis, under military protection, and gnawed her heart out in this solitude. The tree-shaded streets and the quaint old-fashioned houses and gardens give the village a very sedate and reposeful look.

In the late afternoon I crossed in a row-boat to the Granville side of the river, to climb the inviting-looking North Mountain. It was surprising how fast the tide flowed up the long sloping wharf at which I embarked. The view from the mountain well repaid the climb. For miles and miles the Annapolis basin and valley lay spread out like a map, showing, near by, the meadows where the French first reaped their meagre crops of wheat. The windows, miles away, flashed like living carbuncles in the level rays of the setting sun, then the purple shadows filled the valley, and in the fading light the little steamer came creeping slowly up the bay. On my way down I met an ox-team conveying a fishing boat many miles over the mountain, in a most primitive manner. I recrossed the ferry by starlight and saw great Orion hunting his prey forever through the sky, and I thought

"How often, O how often,
In the years that have gone by,"

the vanished generations had watched the sun set on sea and shore, and had seen the stars shine on unchanged amid all time's changefulness. I called on our ministers, Messrs. Cassidy and Dunn, and had a pleasant conversation on church life and church work.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

The Province of New Brunswick contains an area of 27,105 square miles. It is a little larger than Holland and Belgium, and about two-thirds the size of Great Britain. Its four hundred miles of coast is indented by commodious and numerous harbours, and it is intersected in every direction by large navigable rivers. The country is generally undulating. During the last fifty years over six thousand vessels have been built in this

province; it is claimed to have more miles of railway, in proportion to its population, than any country in the world. According to the records of the British army, its climate is one of unsurpassed salubrity. The fisheries, both of the Atlantic and the Gulf ports, are of incalculable value, and give employment to many thousands of hardy mariners. The lumber industry is carried on on a vast scale on all the rivers, and reaches, says a competent authority, the value of \$4,000,000 a year.

I resume my personal reminiscences at the Missiguash River, the boundary line between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, on the eastern and western banks of which respectively are situated the ruins of Fort Lawrence and Fort Cumberland.

Crossing the river I climbed up the steep slope of Fort Cumberland, over masses of half-buried squared stones, once forming part of the strong defences. A great crumbling breach in the ramparts gave unimpeded entrance to a well-constructed star-shaped fort, whose bastions and curtains were still in a state of remarkably good preservation, and all were turfed with softest velvet, and in the mellow afternoon light gleamed like emerald. Grim-visaged war had smoothed his rugged front and the prospect was one of idyllic peace. I paced the ramparts and gazed upon a scene of rarest beauty. The white-walled houses and gleaming spires of Amherst and Sackville were about equidistant on either side. In the foreground were fields of yellowing grain, and stretching to the landward horizon was the vast expanse of the deep green Tantramar and Missiguash marshes—not less, it is said, than 50,000 fertile acres. Looking seaward the eye travels many a league down the blue waters of the Cumberland Basin. One solitary schooner was beating up against the wind, and nearer land the white sails of a few fishing-boats gleamed like the wings of sea birds seeking shore. A peculiarity of these marshes was, that they had no dwelling-houses; but scores on scores of barns were dotted over their surface, from which many hundred carloads of hay are shipped every year.

Within the enclosure was a large and dilapidated old wooden building, apparently once used as officers' quarters. Beside it was another, which had completely collapsed, like a house of cards. I crawled into the old casemates and bomb-proofs, built of large squared stones. Some of these were nearly filled with crumbling *débris*. In others the arched roofs, seven bricks in thickness, was studded with stalactites from the drip of over a hundred years.

At one side of the fort was a large stone powder magazine. It was about thirty feet square, with walls about four feet thick. The arched-roof, of solid stone, was of immense thickness, and was overgrown with weeds. It seemed actually more solid than the century-defying Baths of Caracalla at Rome. Yet the arch was falling in, the walls were cracked as if by earthquake, and a great hole yawned in the roof. It was struck, I learned, a few years ago by lightning. A very large well was near, but an air of disuse and utter desolation rested upon everything.

It was a pleasant walk through shaded roads, and along the like side, to the fine old collegiate town of Sackville. From a Methodist point of view, the most interesting feature of the town is the group of college buildings of our Mount Allison University and Academies. I knew that these institutions were well manned and equipped; but it was a pleasant surprise to find them so extensive and elegant. The Centenary Memorial Hall is a perfect architectural gem, both within and without, and the view from the roof of the Ladies' Academy, of the college campus and groups of buildings and their environments is one of never-to-be-forgotten beauty. The unbounded kindness of my old friends, Professor Burwash and Dr. Inch, of Principal Borden, of the more than kind family of Dr. Stewart, and of many brethren elsewhere, made it almost impossible to bring my visit within the allotted limit of time. I much regret that I could not accept the kind invitation of Professor Burwash to visit the Joggin's Shore, where there is probably the finest geological exposure in the world. In the cliffs, which vary from 130 to 400 feet in height, may be seen a most remarkable series of coal beds, with their intervening strata.

Eighty-one successive seams of coal have been found, seventy-one of which have been exposed in the sea cliffs. Sir William Dawson estimates the thickness of the entire carboniferous series as exceeding three miles. Numerous fossil trees have been found standing at right angles to the plane of stratification in these coal measures. One trunk was twenty-five feet high and four feet in diameter.

The isthmus connecting Nova Scotia and New Brunswick is only about fourteen miles at its narrowest part, and a canal from Au Lac, near Sackville, to Baie Verte, or perhaps a ship-railway, would save, in some cases, a navigation of some hundreds of miles around the peninsula.

The great Tantramar Marsh extends for many a mile its level floor, like a vast smooth bowling green. The home of innumerable water fowl, and changing hue with the changes of the seasons, it is not without its beautiful and poetic aspects, which have been vividly caught and sketched by Prof. Roberts, in the following lines of photographic fidelity :

Skirting the sunbright uplands stretches a riband of meadow,
Shorn of the labouring grass, bulwarked well from the sea,
Fenced on its seaward border with long clay dikes from the turbid
Surge and flow of the tides vexing the Westmoreland shores.
Yonder, toward the left, lie broad the Westmoreland marshes,—
Miles on miles they extend, level, and grassy, and dim,
Clear from the long red sweep of flats to the sky in the distance,
Save for the outlying heights, green-rampired Cumberland Point ;
Miles on miles outrolled, and the river-channels divide them,—
Miles on miles of green, barred by the hurtling gusts.

Miles on miles beyond the tawny bay is Minudie.
There are the low blue hills ; villages gleam at their feet.
Nearer a white sail shines across the water, and nearer
Still are the slim, gray masts of fishing boats dry on the flats.
Ah, how well I remember those wide red flats, above tide-mark
Pale with scurf of the salt, seamed and baked in the sun !
Well I remember the piles of blocks and ropes, and the net-reels
Wound with the beaded nets, dripping and dark from the sea !

Proceeding westward from Sackville, eleven miles, one passes Dorchester, a pretty town on a rising slope ; its most conspicuous feature being its picturesque-looking penitentiary. The scenery is of a bolder character as we ascend the right bank of the Memramcook River, traversing a prosperous farming region, occupied by over a thousand Acadian peasants. It is like a bit of Lower Canada. Across the river is a large Roman Catholic college, and near it is a handsome stone church. In the railway car a priest is diligently reading his breviary, and a young girl without the least self-consciousness is singing a Catholic hymn.

At Painsec Junction, passengers for Prince Edward Island change cars for Shediac, and Point Du Chêne, pleasant villages on Northumberland Strait.

The train soon reaches the prosperous town of Moncton, the head-quarters of the Intercolonial Railway. It has a population of about seven thousand, and gives abundant evidence of life and energy. The central offices of the railway present a very imposing appearance. The town is situated at the head of navigation of the Petitcodiac River, and affords an oppor-

tunity to see the great "bore" or, tide-wave, for which the place is famous. When the tide is out, there is only a vast sloping mud bank on either side. At the beginning of flood-tide, a wave of water from four to six feet high comes rolling up the river, and within six hours the stream rises to sixty or seventy feet.

At Moncton, the St. John branch of the Intercolonial bears off at a right angle from the main line, to the chief city of the province. It is a ride of three hours, through pleasant but not striking scenery.



BEACON LIGHT, ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR,
AT LOW TIDE.

At Salisbury, connexion is made with the Albert Railway to Hillsboro and Hopewell, on the lower Petitcodiac. We soon enter the famous Sussex Valley, a beautiful farming country. The long upland slopes, flooded with the mellow afternoon light, formed a very pleasant picture. From Hampton, a branch railway runs to Quaco, a favourite sea-side resort, where the red sandstone cliffs rise abruptly three hundred and fifty feet from

the water, commanding a noble view. Continuing on the main line, we soon strike the Kennebecasis River—the scene of many a famous sculling match—the hills rising on either side in romantic beauty. The approach to the city of St. John is exceedingly picturesque. Rich meadows, elegant villas, and bold hills meet the eye on every side. I never before saw such stacks of hay. I was told the crop reached four tons to the acre.

The most striking approach to St. John, however, is from the sea. Partridge Island guards the entrance to the harbour, like a stern and rocky warder. We pass, close to the left, the remarkable beacon light shown in our engraving. At low tide this is an exceedingly picturesque object. Its broad base is

heavily mantled with dripping sea weed, and its tremendous mass gives one a vivid idea of the height and force of the Bay of Fundy tides. Conspicuous to the left, is the Martello Tower, on Carleton Heights, and in front, the many-hilled city of St. John. Sloping steeply up from the water, it occupies a most commanding position, and its terraced streets appear to remarkable advantage. It looks somewhat, says the author of "Baddeck," in his exaggerated vein, as though it would slide off the steep hillside, if the houses were not well morticed into the solid rock. It is apparently built on as many hills as Rome, and each of them seems to be crowned with a graceful spire.

Situated at the mouth of one of the largest rivers on the continent, the chief point of export and import, and the great distributing centre for a prosperous province, it cannot fail to be a great city. It is indeed beautiful for situation. Seated like a queen upon her rocky throne, it commands a prospect of rarely equalled magnificence and loveliness. Its ships are on all the seas, and it is destined by Nature to be, and indeed is now, one of the great ports of the world. The huge wharves, rendered necessary by the high tides, and the vessels left stranded in the mud by their ebb, are a novel spectacle to an inlander.

There are few more graceful sights than a large square-rigged vessel, swaying, swan-like, in the breeze, and gliding on her destined way before a favouring breeze. Small wonder that Charles Dibbin's sea-songs stir the pulses of the veriest landsman with a longing for the sea. It must be the old Norse blood of our viking ancestors that responds to the spell.

Since the great fire of 1877, which swept over two hundred acres, and destroyed over sixteen hundred houses, its street architecture has been greatly improved. Stately blocks of brick and stone have taken the place of the former wooden structures.

Many of the new buildings are splendid specimens of architecture. The Custom House is one of which any city might be proud. The Post Office, the churches, and numerous other buildings, public and private, cannot fail to evoke admiration. The city is naturally well adapted to show its buildings to the best advantage, with its streets wide, straight, and crossing each other at right angles. A closer inspection does not dissipate the first favourable impression, and St. John is voted a city of noble possibilities and delightful surroundings.

The new Methodist churches, Queen's Square and Centenary, are beautiful stone structures, that would do credit to any city. The Centenary Church is in some respects superior to our Metropolitan, which we are told is the handsomest in the world. It is built of a fine stone, and with a noble open roof, and is the only Methodist church we know in which the elaborate tracery of the windows is all in stone. The stained glass in the windows is very fine. It is situated on the highest ground in the city, and when its magnificent spire is erected will be the most conspicuous object in this city of churches. The school-



TIMBER SHIP, LEAVING ST. JOHN.

room of Centenary Church is the finest we ever saw. It has a flourishing school, and the religious work of the church is on active and successful lines.

We have spoken elsewhere of the vigorous, aggressive Methodism of St. John. One of its special manifestations is seen in the Band Workers' Association, which is thus described by Brother Brewer, pastor of the Centenary Church: "In all great centres there is a large portion of the population that is seemingly beyond the reach of ordinary church agencies, and this city is no exception to the rule. To reach these classes praying

bands have been organized, halls have been secured, and services have been held in addition to those regularly held in the churches. God has been with us and the indications encourage us to 'go forward.' " One of the first places secured was a dance-hall on one of the worst streets in the city. Here a mission service was begun, and many lost ones were reclaimed and many souls saved. Open-air preaching, house-to-house visitation, tract distribution, and various forms of personal persuasion have been employed to bring men and women to Christ, and God's blessing has abundantly rested upon these efforts. Several of the city churches, we believe, have combined in this band work. The movement has spread to other places. The press is largely employed to carry the good news of salvation where the living voice cannot reach. A fortnightly paper, *The Glad Tidings*, brimful of the Gospel, is published and is distributed far and wide.

This method furnishes opportunity for the exercise of the gifts and graces of the whole church membership, and presents all the advantages of the methods of the Salvation Army, without any of the eccentricities or questionable methods of the latter. The work is carried on strictly in harmony with the principles and institutions and doctrinal teachings of our Church. We believe that similar methods might, with great advantage, be adopted by many of our churches in the towns and cities of the West.

One evening I had the pleasure of taking part in a Salvation Army celebration and wedding; I was introduced to more captains and adjutants than I ever saw before. The reception that our party received from the hosts on the occasion was most enthusiastic. Such rolling of drums, and sounding of timbrels, and volley on volley of cheers was enough to turn a modest man's head. Although I dissent from many of the methods of our Salvation Army friends, yet, no one can deny their intense moral earnestness. I never saw a wedding of the sort. Both bride and bridegroom exhorted the four thousand people present to seek a present salvation. The scene was more like an old-fashioned camp-meeting, than a conventional wedding, and I could not help thinking, in many respects more rational.

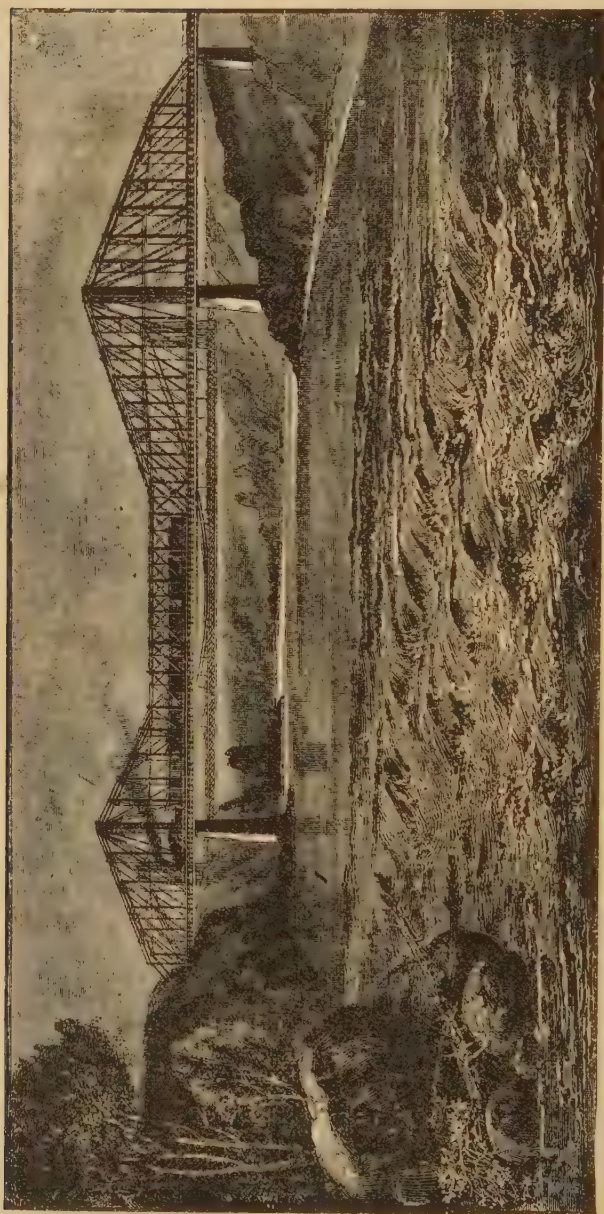
The influence of song at these meetings is immense. As an artistic effect, it was very poor, but as a spiritual power, it was overwhelming. There was a swing and a sweep about it that

carried everyone along. To look into the happy faces of the Hallelujah Lads and Lasses, and then to watch the wistful look on the beery, leery, sin-sodden faces of the "residuum" whom we never get to our churches, is to feel that the Army, in the great cities at least, is our religious co-worker and ally. Commissioner Coombs pointed one after another of his corps who had been rescued from degradation and vice, and were now engaged in the service of Christ. Our churches in St. John are largely adopting methods, equally aggressive, and with very happy results. In rural neighbourhoods we deprecate the practice of establishing what is virtually a new sect, yet we found the Army almost everywhere. Its songs were sung by train hands on the railway, by the maids in the inn kitchens, and I even heard them sung in mockery and derision by a theatrical company on a railway train.

St. John is essentially a maritime city. Its wharves are always in demand for shipping, and vast quantities of lumber, etc., are annually exported to other countries. It is, indeed, the fourth among the shipping ports of the world, and St. John ships are found in every part of the seas of both hemispheres. Before the introduction of steam, its clipper ships had a fame second to none, and voyages were made of which the tales are proudly told even unto this day.

The great tide-fall gives curious effects when the tide is out; the wharves rise so high above the water-level, and the light-houses look so gaunt and weird standing upon mammoth spindle-shanks, or the lofty ribs of their foundations bared to the cruel air with tags of sea-weed fluttering from their crevices. It is decidedly odd to see the carts drawn down to the market slip, at low tide, between the stranded market boats that rest upon their oosy beds.

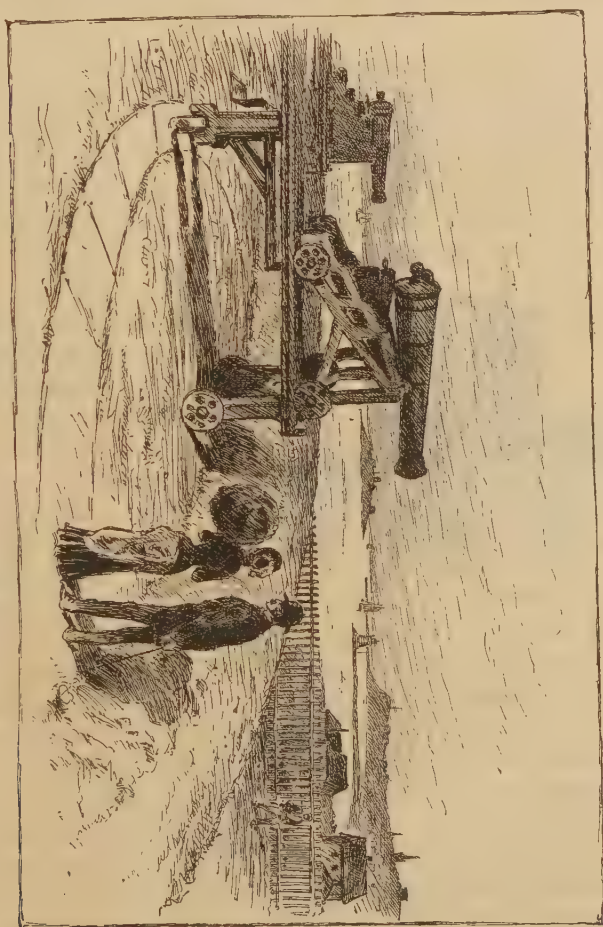
In the environs of St. John there are several charming drives. From the Mananoganish Road (the "Mahogany" road, as it is often called), to reach which you have to cross the Suspension Bridge, a curious effect is to be experienced. The Mananoganish runs along the narrow strip of land between the river and the sea, near the river's mouth; and on one side of the road the St. John, rolling almost at your feet, affords some lovely glimpses of river scenery, while on the other side of the road, also at your feet, the Bay of Fundy, with its cliffs and islands and glistening sails, form a striking seascape with the lines of the Nova Scotia coast visible forty miles away. This



THE CANTILEVER BRIDGE ST. JOHN, N.B.

is one of the most pleasant drives in the country. Returning, the important suburb of Carleton, which lies across the harbour, may be visited, and one may see the ruins of Fort La Tour. Houses are built on this historic ground, and they are not by any means imposing in their character; slabs and sawdust are

OLD FORT—BACK OF EXHIBITION BUILDING.



numerous, and the air is at times pervaded with a decided odour of fish. Such is Fort La Tour to-day; such is the place where lived and died "the first and greatest of Acadian heroines—a woman whose name is as proudly enshrined in the history of this land as that of any sceptered queen in European story." The Marsh Road is also a favourite drive, on which one may

go along to Rothsay, on the brow of the bank of the Kennebecasis. If one wants to get a comprehensive view of all this neighbourhood, let him climb the heights of Portland or of Carleton; but my selection as a viewing-point would be the old dismantled fort behind the exhibition building, where, from the carriage of a King George cannon, you can gaze on city or bay.

The drives over the rocky hills in the vicinity of St. John gives land and sea views of surpassing grandeur. One of the finest of these drives is that to the Suspension and Cantilever Bridges. These bridges, which combine an airy grace and rigid strength, cross a rocky gorge, only 450 feet wide, at a height of a hundred feet above low-water, into which the wide waters of the St. John are compressed.



MARTELLO TOWER.

It is curious that in the immediate vicinity of the two most remarkable suspension bridges in Canada—those at St. John and at the Falls of Niagara—have been erected cantilever railway bridges; thus bringing into strong contrast the varying principles of these two modes of

bridge construction. The main span of the cantilever bridge over the St. John is 825 feet. It was opened in 1885, and gives direct communication between the New Brunswick railway system and the vast system of the United States.

This structure was projected and built by the energy of one man, William K. Reynolds. Few besides the projector had any faith in the undertaking, and he therefore assumed the whole financial and other responsibility, not a dollar being paid by the shareholders until the bridge was opened to the public. In 1875 the bridge was purchased from the shareholders by the Provincial Government, and is now a free highway. It is most impressive to look down upon the swirling, eddying tides, flecked with snowy foam, and still more so to descend to the water side, and view the surging current, and, high in air, the graceful bridges. At low tide there is here a fall in the river of about fifteen feet. At a certain stage of the tide, and for a

short time only, vessels may sail up or down over these falls, and rafts, with risky navigation, can be floated into the harbour. That these seething eddies are not without danger was shown by the wreck of a good-sized vessel which lay on her beam ends as we passed.

One of the finest marine views is that from the quaint, old, feudal-looking Martello tower, on the summit of the highest hill, on the Carleton side of the harbour. It gives a complete bird's eye view of the shipping, and on the seaward side of the broad Bay of Fundy, and in the distance the blue shores of Nova Scotia, with the deep gap at the entrance to the Annapolis Basin, known as the Digby Gut. I never realized before the force of Tennyson's fine line—

“The wrinkled sea beneath him crawled,”

till I stood here and watched the broad expanse of wind-swept, wave-marked water; every gust and flaw leaving its mark upon the mobile surface.

THE GOSPEL BANNER.

BY THE REV. R. F. HORTON, M.A.

FLING out the banner. Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Upon its gleaming folds inwrought
The cross on which the Saviour died.

Fling out the banner. Angels bend
In wondering silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The mystery of the love divine.

Fling out the banner. Lands forlorn
Shall see from far the saving sight,
And nations crowding to be born
Baptize their spirits in its light.

Fling out the banner. High its towers!
Seaward and skyward let it shine,
Nor skill nor might nor merit ours—
We conquer only in that sign.

SAMUEL SOBIESKI NELLES, D.D., LL.D.*

BY REV. PROF. REYNAR, M.A.



DR. NELLES.

SOME hundred years ago, the grandparents of the late Chancellor Nelles came from the German Fatherland to the State of New York, and settled in the valley of the Mohawk River—so interesting for beautiful scenery, and for early American story. There was born the late William Nelles, the father of the subject of this memoir. Soon after the war of 1812-15, William Nelles and his wife, Mary Hardy, moved

*At the request of the editor of the METHODIST MAGAZINE this paper is compiled in part from the writer's obituary address at the funeral of the late Dr. Nelles, and from the "In Memoriam" pages of the College Calendar.

to Upper Canada, as Ontario was then called, and founded a home at Mount Pleasant, near the present city of Brantford.

This husband and wife were blessed with those complementary qualities that augur well for home and family. On the side of the husband and father, were the Teutonic force and calm and steadfastness, and on the side of the wife and mother, a sprightliness and warmth and energy, and have not yet grown old at four score years and ten. Soon after their marriage, the young wife, then twenty-one years of age, came to the great decision, "as for me, and my house, we will serve the Lord." Her husband soon joined her in this sublimest service, and the home was consecrated to God and love and duty.

On the 17th of October, 1823, they rejoiced over the birth of their first-born, whom they named Samuel Sobieski. The name was suggested by the mother's admiration for the great and good of old, and symbolized the consecration of their first-born to the service of God and country. Surely the virtue of that consecration never left him, and as a consequence his name will live in honour, and his influence for good abide, when forgetfulness shall cover the names and fortunes of those who have lived for pride and gain.

As the years passed by, the old homestead at Mount Pleasant was enriched and gladdened, till nine boys and girls surrounded the family board. It was not a home of ascetic gloom, in which a religion that had never been sweet, or that had turned sour, was inflicted on the family, much less was it a home in which God and the Spirit were neglected for the service of the world and sense. There was cherishing and nourishing for the mind as well as for the body, there was reading and thinking as well as clothing and feeding, and there was play as well as work, and praise as well as prayer. What wonder that from such a home the children should go forth to sweeten and strengthen and brighten the life of school and church and state.

The first sixteen years of the late Chancellor's life were spent in this cradle of sweetness and strength, a Christian country home. He very early developed tastes and tendencies that could not find their scope on the farm. He would sometimes forget the meadow and the cornfield, to stray into the green pastures and still waters of literature and thought; and instead of feeding the cattle, he was even known to lecture and preach to them from a great rock pulpit and rostrum on the farm.

Some parents would have sought to bend him to their will, and break him in to their work, but his parents were wise, they chose rather to bend their wills to the will of heaven, and seek to make the best of the talents that God had given to their son. The result was that this country probably lost a second-rate farmer, and certainly gained a first-rate scholar and educator.

When sixteen years of age, the young Samuel attended the Academy at Lewiston, N. Y.,—the following year that at Frederica, and in 1841 he entered the Genessee Wesleyan Seminary, at Lima. This was the year of the great turning point in his life. He had now come to the years of reflection and self-determination, and the great question of life came before him. Should he follow the natural course—sensuous, secular and selfish; or should he subordinate sense and time and self to the spiritual, the moral, the eternal? It was his good fortune to have at this time, as one of his professors, the Rev. George C. Whitlock, LL.D., a man who commanded respect and confidence for the Christ-like purity and gentleness of his spirit, as well as for his learning and the force and acuteness of his intellect. When, therefore, the young student was pondering the great problem, "What is a man profited if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" he came to this honoured man for sympathy and counsel. Those who knew the two men may imagine how the young man was helped in clearest thinking and purest feeling to the noblest purpose of consecration to Him who is the Way and the Truth and the Life. The choice then made was held to the end.

In 1842 he entered Victoria College. After two years of study at Victoria, and a year of rest at the Mount Pleasant homestead, he went to the University of Middletown, Conn., where he took his Bachelor's Degree in 1846. The year after his graduation he was Master of the Academy at Newburg, Ont., and the next year he entered the ministry of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. Three years were then spent in pastoral work, one at Port Hope and two in Toronto. In 1850 he was appointed to the Presidency of Victoria College.

The condition of the College was at that time most discouraging, and the work before the young President was to retrieve the disaster of the past as well as achieve the success of the future. It is thus described by the Rev. Dr. Burwash, in a sketch of the history of the University: "The College

treasury was empty. There was absolutely no endowment. The buildings and furniture, after fifteen years of constant wear by hundreds of students, were sadly in need of repair and renewal. The able professors of other days had betaken themselves to other work, and there were scarcely thirty students (but two matriculated) to respond to his first call of college opening. To raise funds sufficient to bring the annual income up to \$5,000, to organize an efficient staff of professors, to attract and organize students once more into the relations of college life—in fact to resuscitate the college—was the work before him."

Time would utterly fail to tell of the difficulties and discouragements with which he had to struggle, of the self-denial, the management, the administration, that filled his days with work and his nights with care. He set before him a great life purpose, the growth and prosperity of the University to which he had been called by the providence of God and by the voice of his Church. To this purpose he held with the tenacity of life. He had one work, if he had many instruments, —he had one end, if he had many ways. To his great end he was as constant as the needle to the pole; but in methods he was as variable as the winds of circumstance, that compelled him to shift the sails.

When the college was handed to him it was a wounded, suffering child; and he was to be father and mother, doctor and nurse. He sheltered and nourished and cherished her until she has become the bountiful mother—the *Alma Mater*—whose sons are to be found in usefulness and honour throughout this wide Dominion, from sea to sea, and from the river to the end of the earth.

What wonder if, in all these years of care and watching, he developed a caution that to some unknowing observers may have seemed over-developed. Extreme caution was necessary in the first place to save the college from perishing in its weakness; and when her prosperity brought larger interests and stronger forces, there was still need of the utmost toil and care to husband and increase resources, and meet those trying emergencies that have arisen from time to time, threatening the destruction of all that he had accomplished.

But he had conquests as well as conflicts. In 1854 a Faculty of Medicine was established for the first time. In 1862 was established a Faculty of Law; in 1872, a Faculty of Theology; in 1878, a Faculty of Science, and in the same year the new

building, Faraday Hall, was erected for the department of Physical Science. At the close of last session* there was the largest graduating class that ever left the halls of Victoria, and at the opening of this session the largest matriculating class has come in to take their place. The last financial statement was the most satisfactory that has ever been made; and, best of all, the University stands higher than ever in the confidence and affection of students and alumni, of the Church and of the country.

During the administration of the late President the material resources of the College rose from the zero, at which he began, to a point at which the revenue was some \$20,000 a year, and the assets about \$250,000. A few large and generous bequests are included in this sum, such as \$30,000 from the late Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jackson; \$25,000 from the late Dennis Moore, Esq.; and \$20,000 from the late Sheriff Patrick. But it was mainly a tribute of gratitude and confidence and hope on the part of ministers and people of limited resources, that supplies came to the College treasury. In the planning and execution of measures for the increase of the College endowment, Dr. Nelles always took a foremost part, and it was largely through his personal endeavour that a sum of about \$35,000 was raised to endow a chair of Moral Philosophy, to be called the Ryerson Chair, in memory of the first President of Victoria University.

Of the growth of the educational resources of the University under his care, the Calendar of this year is the best monument, with its broad and generous courses of study, its several Faculties of Arts and Science, of Medicine, Law, and Theology, its nearly 500 students, and more than 2,000 alumni. Here again may be written: "*Si monumentum quæris circumspice.*"

The chair held by the late President at the time of his death was that of Moral Philosophy and the Evidences of Religion. He had also in former years lectured on Mental Philosophy and Logic. His lectures were marked by accuracy and breadth of learning, but his influence was chiefly felt in the stimulation of the powers of perception, the regulation of the judgment, and the inspiration of an honest love of the truth. In his relation to the students, as the chief executive officer of the University, he was *fatherly*, more and more so as the years advanced. Sympathy and tenderness were never wanting; but, when occasion called for it, there was unbending firmness also.

* The session, 1886-7.

His chief concern for many years, apart from the material resources of the College, and the latest care and burden of his life was the relation of the College to the system of University education, as determined by the Provincial Legislature. There were two ideals, either of which would have been welcome to him in realization. The one was, that of his own beloved University developed in wealth and strength and beauty, till, free from all ordinary vicissitudes of fortune, she could extend to the youth of our country advantages unexcelled and unequalled for the pursuit of all liberal and scientific culture—a great and free, but distinctively Christian University, untrammelled, on the one side, by the interferences of State control and politicians who would be all things to all men; or, on the other side, by the restrictions of a narrow sectarianism that would find an end of all perfection in the traditions of the fathers and what had been said by them of old time. This was the one ideal. The other was that of a group of co-ordinate University Colleges, in which all the Universities of the Province would be confederated under one great Provincial University on absolutely equal terms, each one maintaining its individuality, its traditions and methods, and entitled to gain and hold no advantage save by its own worth and works. This second ideal he at one time hoped to see realized in the recent scheme of University Federation. It was his destiny, however, to see that scheme take such a shape in its final form that our sister Universities would not accept it, and so the bright vision was clouded over, and he passed away suddenly before the realization of his hope or of his fear.

Besides his peculiar interest in educational matters, Dr. Nelles was actively engaged in all the great movements of the Church, and especially in the work of missions, and in that of the union of the various branches of the Methodist Church.

As a preacher, he was highly esteemed, and that, too, for qualities that do not always mark the popular preacher. It was not so much the way in which he said things, that charmed his hearers, though his diction was singularly pure, simple and forceful, but it was the things he said. The doubt or obscurity that had long troubled and darkened the spirit was suddenly and naturally dissolved, or some intervening error was removed, and a light let in upon the mind to its joy and peace. The mind of the hearer was not only helped and carried forward, but what was infinitely better, the mind was quickened and prompted to move forward and know the triumph of the

discovery of truth, as well as the joy of its possession. This peculiar power in the pulpit he retained undiminished to the last. It was very noticeable in his sermon before the Conference in Peterboro' last summer, so much so as to excite the surprise and admiration of those who had long known of the gift that was in him. Perhaps nothing is left to be said on this point, than when I repeat the emphatic statement of the Rev. Dr. Potts, whom no one is better entitled to speak on the point, that in the death of the late Chancellor Nelles, we had lost "the foremost Methodist preacher in the Dominion."

When I come to say something on the character of the one whose loss we mourn, I am met by the peculiarity that he had qualities that are seldom found together. His moods were as different as sunshine and shadow, and they sometimes followed one another with great rapidity; but he was always the same man at heart, as the world is the same world in dark and dawn and noon.

He was pre-eminently a thoughtful man—from first to last a *student*. As a boy on the farm, he took to work and play of mind rather than of muscle; and as a man, when he left the study and went away for rest and recreation, a book was always the first provision and the nearest companion. His reading, too, was broad as well as deep. He would often repeat the saying that the surest way to make a bad theologian was to give him a course of exclusively theological reading. He knew the infirmities with which the mind and heart of man are compassed, and could have compassion on those that are out of the way as well as sympathy with those that were in it.

It was because of these broad and generous sympathies, that he managed to lead gently into the way of truth and life some wandering spirits, that would have wandered still farther away in repulsion from a teacher of a different stamp.

Dr. Nelles was a man of many books, like John Wesley; but he was at the same time like Wesley—a man of one book. On his death-bed he said to his wife, "I have studied much and read many books, but there is no book like *The Book*, and there is no name like Jesus."

With all his reading he had not the knowledge that puffeth up. The great heathen sage and prophet, Socrates, used to say that he differed from other men in that he knew his own ignorance, but they did not know theirs. Something of the same humility of wisdom graced the learning of our lamented Chancellor.

In his intercourse with others he was marked by a surface sparkle of wit. They did not always discern the depths of thought and seriousness that lay beneath. Looking at the outer man they might easily have been deceived; they saw his jaunty step, and heard his frequent play with words, but when they looked at his work they could not fail to see that he was not a man of wit only, but also a man of weight. One secret of his character I long ago discovered, and my intercourse with him was guided by the discovery. Many could see the readiness with which he passed from grave to gay, but not so many seemed to know that he passed with even greater readiness from gay to grave, and that the fountain of his laughter was hard by the source of tears. His sympathy with the sorrow and pain of others was intense and constant. This fact was always sure to transpire in his prayers. Men who had for the time forgotten their sorrows, had them brought to mind again as they heard him plead with God to sustain and comfort and help those in just such sorrow as theirs.

Of words he was very sparing when he spoke of things of tender personal and spiritual concern; but he could say much in few words. I know how the young man, exposed to the temptations of foreign travel and residence, would receive with very few but well chosen words a gift of "Taylor's Holy Living and Dying," as counsellor and friend; and I know, too, how the aged and the dying, and the humble poor were comforted and strengthened by his human sympathy and Christian charity and faith.

It is in his death, however, that the true character sometimes stands out more clearly than in life, "As darkness shows us words of light, we never see by day." And what was it that shone so clearly in his death? This it was, that the deep and unchangeable and undying in his spirit were love, faith and hope.

The love in his home is too sacred a thing to be depicted even in this memorial notice. It may be said, however, that the last few days of his life have shown again that in the wasting of disease, and under the weight of sorrow and of years, there may be a serenity and glory of love that youth, and beauty, and joy, can hardly know. God has done well to crown it with His smile, and to use it as the mirror in which to reflect His own glory—calling Himself the Father of the fatherless and the Husband of the widow.

Of his love to his students I may speak more freely, and all the more so, because it will reveal at the same time his faith

and hope. A few hours before his death, when he was already far down the dark valley, he sent back a message to the students as they were about to assemble for college prayers,—“Give the boys my love, and thank them for having been so thoughtful and so kind.” He also asked them to sing the first five verses of Cowper’s familiar hymn,

“There is a fountain filled with blood.”

It is known to us all, and we may now remember it as his dying *credo*—his last act of faith and hope and love.*

Amongst the requests he made in view of his departure was this one, that on his tomb should be inscribed the words, “Now we see through a glass darkly.” To us there is here no treason against Christian theology. Others may think they have in their Divinity a clearer spirit of divination. Saint Paul had not. Our sainted friend and brother and father was of the school of Paul, and he is not ashamed to have it so marked where his body is to be laid to rest.

But, be it noted well, *he was not in the dark*. He saw through the glass darkly, it is true, but *he saw*.

And now, if I indeed knew his inner life, and these words are uttered because he said I knew it, and he desired that I should so speak, once more I give the boys his love; to the students of Victoria University, to the graduates, who came up to pay the last act of reverence to the silent form of their academic father, to all *the old boys* who may hear or read the words—once more I give you all his love. I thank you for every kind word and deed, and I pray you, as though our dead Chancellor did speak to you through me, I pray you to look away from him, to see what he saw through the glass darkly, and to have and hold his faith, his hope, his love.

“There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel’s veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

E’er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I’ll sing Thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.”

* Dr. Nelles died October 17th, 1887, in his 64th birthday.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE CHANCELLOR NELLES, LL.D., D.D.*

BY THE REV. DR. DOUGLAS.

“STILL o’er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care ;
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.”

It was in the leafy month of June, when blossoms were on the trees, when the calyx of the lily and the begonia began to disclose their hidden charms, when the time of the singing of birds was come; it was on a steamer, threading her way through the “Thousand Isles,” where beauty, in her wild confusion, laughs at order, where romance is materialized in sunny islets—sweet as those which gem the Ægean Sea, and the vistas open into avenues of perpetual surprise; it was amid such scenes that, in 1856, I first met with Dr. Nelles, in the early summer of his life. I was at once impressed with the Shakespearian aspect of the man. There was the ample dome, as yet untouched by time’s wintry snows; the unwrinkled brow; the dark Italian eyes that told of the depth within; the finely chiselled nose; the fulness of the lower lip, sign of a warmth of nature; the muscular play around the angles of the mouth, reminding one of rippling waters seeking a quiet shore; the pale cast of thought, commingling with the shade of sadness, and the winsome smile, that like sunshine after cloud and shower makes beauteous the landscape scene; the well poised head; the fineness of the nerve expressed in every look and movement; the seemingly fragile but well knit frame—this was Dr. Nelles, as I first met him on his way to the Brockville Conference.

Through the long period of thirty years it was my privilege to enjoy his friendship—and a friend more noble and generous, more confiding and enduring, the experiences of life seldom give to man. No divergence in opinion, or apparently antagonistic interests, ever invaded the sanctity of his exalted friendship.

Unchanged on earth, we live in hope of its being perpetu-

* Kindly prepared at the request of the Editor.

ated forever amid the beatific conditions, where "decay's effacing fingers will never sweep the lines where beauty lingers," nor diminish its abiding felicities.

The early life of Dr. Nelles was compassed about with manifold advantages.

Inheriting from his father many of the strong attributes of mind peculiar to the Germanic nature, from his mother he received that grace, and almost feminine gentleness, which surrounded his manhood with a special charm. The cast of his mind seemed to combine at once the strength of the Teuton and the grace of the Latin. It was in sympathy with the sad and profound dreams of Jean Paul Richter, who possessed the imagination of the dwellers of the North, while it had affinities with the versatile grace and beauty of Calderon, whose genius had diffused its subtle influence throughout the Spanish Peninsula. Indeed the poetic tendency largely dominated the man. I distinctly remember with what enthusiasm he told me of his visit to the Scottish Highlands, where, with the "Lady of the Lake" in his hands, he traversed the shores of Loch Katrine by night,

"When the midnight moon did lave
Her forehead in the silver wave,"

and by day wandered o'er the hills where

"The creeping shrubs of a thousand dyes
Waved in the west wind's summer sighs."

Both in the country, and in the neighbouring Republic, he was favoured with all the resources which a liberal education can confer, and most thoroughly had he availed himself of these advantages; indeed, we have seldom, if ever, met with a man more widely read, more familiar with the phases of philosophic thought, and more affluent in his knowledge of the scientific literature of our times. It was a privilege, at once rare and educating, to enjoy his conversation on topics congenial when the vigour of his intellect was brought into exercise. What the late Matthew Arnold was as the Ultima Thule of culture among the educated of the Motherland, that Dr. Nelles was to the ministry of the Methodist Church of Canada. There were minds more massive in forging thoughts great and high; speakers more vigorous and full of fiery eloquence; men who had better studied the politics of the Church, and could master

it in executive detail, but for æsthetic refinement, and that indefinable culture which gives finish to the whole man, he was without a compeer.

Amid the blossomings of his early manhood, he loyally surrendered himself to Christ, and henceforth his life was consecrated to the service divine. Righteousness possessed his conscience, unsullied purity adorned his life and gave it an elevation which redeemed it from all sordid considerations, and put the impress of moral sublimity on every passage in his career.

The leading minds in Canadian Methodism, early recognized in him a coming man for an illustrious future. Bringing to his ministry a mind affluent with resources, as a preacher, he soon became distinguished amongst his peers.

Preaching is at once a science and an art. A science, in the wise arrangement of truth; an art, in the application of that truth. By rhetorical adjustment in combination with a divine afflatus, it commands the intellect, impresses the conscience, and moves the emotions. As truly as there is the genius of art, there is the genius of the pulpit, natural as the sweet simplicity of childhood, potential as the grasp of the athlete, it moves and influences man.

Dr. Nelles possessed the genius of the pulpit in special degree. As his life was mainly spent in the realms of the intellectual, without the living contact, which pastoral conditions supply, his ministry was not remarkable for evangelistic fervor, it was essentially analytical, marked by the discussion of philosophic principles, full of scientific allusions, and occasionally graced by singular brilliance in illustrative power. It had a special charm for the thoughtful and cultured amongst his hearers. While he adorned the pulpits of our Church, throughout the Dominion, it was especially in his sermons to his graduating classes, that his finest powers were brought into play; where scholarship, wisdom and piety combined to produce impressions on the young men, which have borne abundant fruit in the pulpits of Methodism, as well as in the walks of professional life.

Dr. Nelles was gifted, beyond all whom we have ever known, with a genius of repartee, and a subtle and charming wit; but I have observed he vigorously ruled it out in all the sanctities of his public services; he disdained to employ the artifice of raising a smile at the expense of solemn impression—there

everything betokened the man of God, who was dealing with interests that outreached to the immortal.

I marvel to think of the responsibilities which were laid upon him at the early age of twenty-seven, when he was entrusted with the task of leading the educational work of the Methodist Church of this Dominion.

A great cloud of educated and Christian men throughout this country, who were trained at his feet, attest how grandly he performed his life-work, for the extended period of thirty-seven years. The exalted Christian character of Dr. Nelles was the crowning secret of his power. The transparent rectitude, the singlemindedness of the man, inspired confidence wherever he was known. His charity was all comprehending, and resembled the verse of Faber's, he so much loved :

"There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea ;
There's a kindness in His justice,
That is more than charity."

I have said that I first met the departed at the sunrise end of Lake Ontario, in the early summer of his life. I parted from him at the sunset end of the same lake. The apples had goldened in the orchards ; the grain had bowed its head, prophetic of an early fall ; the oriole, fulfilling its mission, was pluming its wings for other skies, when on the veranda of a large hotel we sat, on a serene August morn, looking out on the placid waters as they heaved their breast of unrest and sang their far-away requiem along the distant shore.

His long life battle had left its marks. The brow was furrowed, the eye was dimmed, the face was sallowed and worn, exhaustion was in every movement, a pensive pathetic sadness wore itself into every tone. Scenes of the past, troubles of the present, perplexities as to the future, with scintillations of hopeful expectancy supplied the topics of our converse. With warm affection, little boding it was for evermore on earth, we clasped hands and parted. The lapse of but a few weeks brought tidings of his peril, and then, all too swiftly, the announcement of his demise. The end was worthy of the man. Intellect, scholarship, and wide experience of life, all bowed in sweet resignation to the will divine.

The spirit of the dying Chancellor was kindled, for, but a little. He would have the students of his love sing to him "of

the fountain filled with blood," on which he was now trusting with the full assurance of an immortal hope. As the tones of the voices he loved so well subsided into silence, with the restfulness of a little child he reclined on the bosom of Jesus, and went to "the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

Yet a little while and we, too, shall hope to join him in singing the new song, through the glad forever. May this be our beatitude when "life's fitful dream is o'er," and we hear "the bells of the holy city and the chimes of eternal peace."

Farewell friend of my youth!

"Death hath moulded into calm completion,
The statue of thy life."

WES. THEO. COL., MONTREAL,
May 8th, 1888.

FOR THEE.

I BORE with thee long weary days and nights,
Through many pangs of heart, through many tears ;
I bore with thee, thy hardness, coldness, slights,
For three-and-thirty years.

Who else had dared for thee what I have dared ?
I plunged the depth most deep from bliss above ;
I not My flesh, I not My spirit spared ;
Give thou Me love for love.

I bore thee on My shoulders and rejoiced ;
Men only marked upon My shoulders borne
The branding cross ; and shouted, hungry-voiced,
Or wagged their heads in scorn.

Thee did nails grave upon My hands ; thy name
Did thorns for frontlets stamp between Mine eyes :
I, Holy One, put on thy guilt and shame ;
I, God, Priest, Sacrifice.

A thief upon My right hand and My left ;
Six hours alone, athirst in misery ?
At length in death one smote My heart and cleft
A hiding-place for thee.

Nailed to the racking cross, than bed of down
More dear, whereon to stretch Myself and sleep ;
So did I win a kingdom—share My crown ;
A harvest—come and reap.

THE CHURCH'S WORKING DOCTRINES.

BY THE REV. DR. CARMAN.

(A General Superintendent of the Methodist Church.)

I.

WALKING with much interest around the deserted fortifications at Annapolis, Nova Scotia, one breezy morning of last December, and calling up what I had viewed and even studied at other points, as St. Andrew's, New Brunswick ; Windsor, Nova Scotia ; Kingston and Quebec ; aside from the captivating history of these places, the thrilling and important events of which they have been the scenes, and the evidences of labour, foresight, enterprise, valour, wealth and military skill and power they evince ; my mind, sweeping over the past and the present ; as my eye, surveying the tumultuous waters, the solid quiet hills and the far-reaching shores, looked from the fortifications a century or so ago all bristling with strength, all stirring with vigilance, and all alive with daring, to the same fortifications to-day—all silent from desertion, all quiet from disuse and all falling into decay, because it seems they are no longer specially needed, and are not worth the expense or trouble of keeping them up to their former life, might, terror and brilliancy. And would it not now be a strange employment, a ghostly and unaccountable diversion to maintain these old forts in all their original activity, power and glory ?

But why were they once such centres of interest, energy and action—we may say, the only centres of the thought and outlook and efforts of the time on the continent ? And what has become of the people, and the descendants of the people, whose utmost ability was then severely taxed, and their utmost resources of mind and heart and substance and uplift right-hand were brought into the conflict ? Where are the men, the communities, the nations, the cause, the enterprise, whose intense light flashed like beacon fires on loftiest hills all along the sea coasts and water-courses of the New World ? Why are the parapets dismantled, the embrasures silent, and the ramparts falling into decay ? Why have the soldiers gone, and the engineery and munitions of war ? Is it not that they have served their time and purpose ; that when it was a question

of right of ownership, of possession and ultimate use and peace, the cannon might well roar, the mines be sprung, the sabres flash and bayonets gleam on tower and battlement? Till it was settled whose was the empire and the right, to whom the territory belonged, who should ultimately occupy the land and whose vessels should cleave the waters; how could farmers till the soil, fishermen gather the wealth of the streams, miners seek out the treasures hidden in the earth, lumbermen accumulate great fortunes by the conversion of vast forests into growing cities; artisans beautify the quiet home; or traders establish their marts, plant their factories and rear their palaces over all the broad domain?

First, rights must be adjusted, ownership determined, possession and use vindicated. Up to that time the fortifications must be manned, and all the vigour of the nation thrown into them. After that, even most of the soldiers can devote themselves to more peaceful occupations; and men of war and their descendants become men of productive art, trade and noble industry. The fortifications are silent; the embrasures that once blazed with fires and belched forth death are harmless and still; the ramparts that echoed to the tread of troops and the fosses that were filled with armed men are all deserted. There are the scarred walls, the torn roofs, the falling bridges, the abandoned barracks, the empty magazines, the underground passages falling in, and the bombproof arches tumbling into their own wells and caves; everything weakness and wreck and ruin, because everything had had so much labour and care bestowed upon it, and had been built so deep and high and strong. The greater and stronger then, the more marked and terrible the ruin now.

Judged by the present, one would say the men of that time were characterized by nothing but extravagance and folly. But those men and those forts settled great questions, decided great issues; and now under the beneficent peace they conquered, the millions of joyous people, their descendants, our community, march in the shining processions of the generations over the vast continent, take up their abode in the valleys and on the hills, subdue the wilds and appropriate the forests, develop the mines and cultivate the fields, build their cities and enlarge their trade, establish their parliaments and courts and multiply their churches and schools, increase without number their happy homes, and gather in on every hand

the blessings, triumphs and joys of this Christian civilization. First, the blaze of war on the border, the fortifications on the coast; then the hour and era of industry, the benediction of peace, and prosperity over the whole land.

Standing on the old forts on the rocky rampart of the sea, or on the highlands and headlands looking out over the deep, we say to ourselves, the people that once were here fighting have gone up inland in a better, not more necessary, but better work—the very work for which the continents were made. For plainly, continents were made for peaceful and industrious inhabitants, and for prosperous nations of men; certainly not merely that forts might be built on their coasts, or that their headlands should flash with defiance and flame with death. Continents were not lifted up from the depths, and spread out above the shining sea and under the rolling sun, that the savagery and selfishness of war should keep men off from them; but that their incalculable riches should bring incalculable blessings to incalculable multitudes of men.

But when men *will* raise the war questions, and bring the rights of possession into conflict, then forts, protection, desolation, destruction, decision is the necessity of the hour; and the most appropriate thing in the world, constituted as the world is, at such a time, is death-dealing armour and the frowning, flaming, thundering battlement and tower. When rights are invaded or assailed, wrong attempted, the first thing is to settle the dispute; then seek the fruits and felicity of peace. If none disturb the peace the old forts can lie dismantled; indeed they need never have been erected. But if the alarms of war again sound, again must even better armour be put in place on stronger ramparts. Mightier projectiles and more deadly weapons must do more terrific execution; for likely accumulated possessions are greater temptations to better equipped and stronger foes.

There is fighting ground, and there is working ground; ground for attack and defence, and ground for labour, production, development and enrichment. And fighting ground should not be to working ground, even as one to a million. It is bad enough when fighting ground, as has been, is to working ground as ten thousand to one. It is bad enough when the fighting ground is as a raging boil on the neck, or a pounding toothache; when all physical, curative and nutritive forces must be massed and hastened to the place of assault. It is even worse

when the fighting ground is as an inflammation of the lung or a congestion of the brain, or a cancer of the throat; when all recuperative and defensive forces are rallied in vain, when death strikes the system and ruin comes down upon the body politic, the common-wealth. History has given us such crises in nations; and we have seen great Powers broken in pieces by dashing themselves in concentrated energy upon a grand consolidated resistance, as the proud wave hurls itself with violence upon the rock-bound shore, but to be driven back in flying squadrons to the troubled deep. And we have seen the lofty resistance swept away before the advancing hosts as mounds of sand yield to the tempests of the sea. Annapolis, Louisbourg, Quebec, are monuments of the indomitable energy of Britons—first to attack and capture, and then to maintain and defend. And now, those conquerors and defenders over all the expanse of a continent are reaping the fruits of their valour. The plough, the shovel, the loom, have taken the place of the cannon, the musket, the sword. The mill, the store, the factory, the railway and telegraph; the school, the court and the church are showing why so broad and so good a land was given to Protestantism and Anglo-Saxon civilization.

These musings amid monuments, these quiet reflections induced by silent mementoes of turbulent times almost inadvertently turned upon ecclesiastical and theological domains and developments; for in the world of mind and the conflict of opinion in the moral realm and in intellectual and spiritual advancement of the race, and especially of the Church of God, there would seem to be some characteristics and manifestations not unlike the events of political history and the subjugation of wild tracts to culture, prosperity and law. For in both cases it is bringing the lawless and disobedient, the rude and uncultivated, the dark and unproductive, the hidden and unknown, into the light, life and favour of a higher, nobler energy; into obedience to a divine principle and rule—the greatest good of man and the greatest glory of God.

The Church has had her polemical age, her time of conflict and her fighting doctrines. She has had her forts and battlements and towers on the coasts of the continents of Truth. We speak of the Church in her spiritual incorporation, the Body of Christ, the true people of God that have possessed and exercised all the truth of God that was known in their era, and have stood up for what they possessed. The sounds of battle

have thundered from the rocky headlands of her continents, and died in distant echoes from the quick reverberating shores. Tower has signalled to tower along the steep, as innumerable assailants, great fleets and armies, poured in upon her from the uprising of her enemies, and from the tumultuous waters, the hosts of the ungodly, and the tribes and peoples that would overwhelm the city of our God. And when foes from without, invading fleets and armies, had been driven off the sea and off the land, in many cases well-nigh exterminated, strange to say, Church fortress turned fire upon Church fortress; thunders that might have lain a buried energy in eternal, blissful silence, rent the howling air; and forces that united, might have gone inward to the broad and fertile areas of the captured domain, revealing its treasures, accumulating its riches and enjoying its peace, divided, distracted, opposed, must needs build fortification against fortification, plant artillery against artillery, meet fire with fire, and death with death.

It is not wonderful, then, that the Church's fighting doctrines, both against external foes and internal contestants, should stand forth as clear as a lurid light—perhaps we should say, as a blue and purple sulphurous flame—can reveal them. Not wonderful, then, that the Church's working doctrines are yet but struggling into clearness from the smoke of battle, and into their divine and silent energy, their quiet omnipotence from the crash of conflict, and the rattle and roar of reckless rage and far-reaching ruin. Had the strength, the skill, labour and resources that have been concentrated in warring lines and opposing fortifications been devoted to the cultivation and development of the vast interior domain, the triumphs of Zion had been a thousand-fold, and the wealth and the honour, the power and the glory, of the world had been laid a conquest at the feet of Zion's King. But the natural order seems to be: first settle whose is the right, who is possessor, *who is right*, who has the right to enjoy after he wins and gains, who is on the solid foundations of truth; even though a thousand questions be asked, a thousand issues raised, a thousand conflicts joined, a thousand destructions incurred; yea, every possible issue started and every possible battle fought, then after all, *who is right?* whose claim is just to go on and develop and enjoy all the land? who has, not the weapons and missiles of war, good enough in their place; but who has the elements and implements of industry, the forces of fruitful peace? not

cannons and swords, well enough in some places, but ploughs and reaping-hooks? Not rifle balls and chain shot, but wheat and corn, and the seed for the orchard and the garden, that the land may bloom in the spring and rejoice in the autumn with overflowing abundance? It were vain to go to war, not having proved our weapons. It were vain to go to farming, not knowing our seed. So time may not be all lost, if we shall at length have ascertained which are indeed the fighting doctrines and which are the working doctrines of the Church of God.

It may set forth more clearly what we shall designate the Church's working doctrines, if first we devote a little attention to those we speak of as its fighting doctrines. These latter, will, of course, depend upon the character of the war, the nature of the foe, and whence the conflict arises. The Church of God, like the soul of a man, has foes without and foes within. The Church of God came not to attack or assail anybody; but to save everybody; to help, comfort and strengthen everybody. Its element, its natural condition, its spirit and normal estate is not strife and confusion, but, order and peace. It came with a meek and quiet energy to cultivate, develop, ennoble and bless. Yet because darkness is here, light must press it out. Because sin is here, righteousness must contend for its place. So even the gentle Shepherd is compelled to say He came not to send peace on earth, but a sword; and inspiration divine crowded by the fearful facts, commits itself to that startling contradiction, that inexplicable combination, the wrath of the Lamb.

The battle may be against Atheists, or Infidels, or Agnostics, or Materialists, or Rationalists, or Evolutionists; or Pagan, or Turk, or Jew. No wonder the Lord God instituted a living ministry, and provided for the bright succession through all the centuries. The battle may be amongst Christians themselves as to the relation of God to the government of the world; the two-fold relation of the nature of Christ; the office and work of the Spirit; the essence, status and functions of the Church; the intent and scope of an atonement; its relation to the sovereignty of God and freedom of man; the immortality of the soul and the final destiny of the human race. No wonder the Lord God gave the Written Word, the infallible rule of faith and practice for all generations; the clear declaration of the will of God and the ultimate and decisive court of appeal on

all questions of duty, and on all differences of judgment, as to our religious nature, estate and opportunity.

It will be at once evident in the field of Christian apologetics, our religion with calm reason, quiet brow, and clear eye, must be ready to turn to the Atheist, the Infidel, the Pagan, the Turk, with mighty argument from the undisturbed central intelligence resting in God. It will not confound, silence or convince the Atheist, the Pagan, or the Turk—and how in this regard does the Agnostic, the Rationalist, the Materialist, the Evolutionist, differ from them? and these, be it remembered, all together make a large share of the world—to tell said Pagan or Turk of the joy of our Christian life, or the rapture of our religious experiences. Nor is the argument always what it ought to be in the illustrious preference of Christian character, and the clear demonstration of the superiority of both natural and revealed religion, as we Christians have it, over the light of Nature alone, as the Pagans have it; in the blessed fruits of unselfishness, nobleness, brotherliness, and benevolence. Men that are attacking *principles*, and digging deep to uproot foundations are not to be met with sentiments and zephyrs and odours playing over the surface. They must be met with deeper principles and solid facts; the unity of all principles and concentration of all facts in the ultimate and eternal relations and realities of Nature, man and God.

But this is not the argument for Christian polemics, when Christian smites Christian with heavy lance, more or less steel, more or less clay, as taken from the armoury of the Lord, or the slime pits of Satan, and the mud beds of the worldling. Sometimes the conflict is as to the existence of one supreme, spiritual Lord God. His character, His interest in the world, and the Divine warrant of the Christian Scriptures. These broad controversies are mainly on the high seas of natural and historical theology, a circumvallation of fortresses looking out upon fierce foes coming up out of the darkness and over tempestuous seas, thundering against the outer ramparts; that, having carried these, they may the better sweep away the inner defences and lay violent hands on the very citadel. Against these enemies we have such apologists as the Christian Fathers, and such works as Paley, Butler and Watson, on the Being and Nature of God, the inspiration of the Scriptures, the moral constitution of man, the force of natural obligation and the sanctions of reason to virtue.

The polished Paganisms of Greece and Rome did indeed rise as high as the idea of virtue; but failing to be clear and decisive on this merely human attainment, much less did they apprehend the obligations and opportunities of religion. And in religion they could not but fail, as they had no competent understanding of man at one side of it or of God at the other. Hence, why should not fierce opposition come thence, soon as a clear, positive religion is presented, bringing a knowledge of God, a knowledge of man, and a consequent knowledge of duty and destiny? Why should not the world, the flesh, and the devil, combine against a God-man, a clear revelation of both God and man, and a religion of reconciliation, power and purity? Why should not Pagan and Jew combine to fight the Christian facts and the authenticity of the Christian Scriptures? Why should not Turk and Infidel, Materialist and Rationalist, Atheist and heedless, heartless Agnostic, join the mighty host, the dark sea of raging waters whence fly up in threatening squadrons, the fierce assailants of the towers of God and the battlements of His people? On these through all the centuries have stood valiant defenders against the powers of darkness, the external foes.

But on the other, inner line of fortifications, whence such mighty defenders had gone forth against these common foes from the darkness and the sea, what strange confusion have we with sect against sect, school against school, party against party, orthodox against heterodox, and the priest against the heretic. In all this babel and strife, surely it is a marvel that all ramparts and towers, inner and outer, had not been demolished and swept away. The contest is, who is right? Who takes correct view of the doctrines of the Word of God? Who has the right to go up and possess the land? Who has the weapons of spiritual warfare, mighty to pull down strongholds: implements effective to till the soil, to develop the resources, to cover the broad continents with peace, prosperity, and joy?

Listen! In the strange clangor, clatter and jargon some are denying, moulding, marring the very documents themselves, the Divine constitution of the Church of God. Some are seizing the Divine Son and reckoning Him only man; some, only God, dividing Christ. Did the Father suffer? Did God die? Is the Son very God, equal in power and eternity with the Father? Is the Holy Spirit He or It? a person, or an emanation, an

influence? Is He also God? Does He proceed from the Father? or from the Son? or from! the Father and the Son? "Filioque!" what a battle ground!

Is salvation wholly of God, or merely of man? or is it under an appointed and covenanted co-operation? And what is the Church? And what its authority and functions? How much in its corporate capacity can it help, how little can it hinder, that a man should find peace of conscience? What is the intent and power of the ordinances, and which alone are commanded or authorized of God? Shall the Church rule the State? or the State control the Church? or is each supreme in its own sphere? Is man essentially or only conditionally immortal? Is there probation or purgatory after death? And what of the angels and the spirits of the departed and their interest in or indifference to human salvation? And what of the hundreds of other conflicting theories, dogmas and opinions that divided the scores and scores of contending sects, hardly one of them pointing and adhering to the great end for which Christ came into the world? What walls and ramparts were built one against the other! What stupendous towers and threatening battlements! How heavily armed and fully manned! What stir, and struggle, and strife! And yet a million ages of this kind of earnestness and effort will not bring the world to Christ. A million such ages in border forts and coast-line conflict will not fell the forest, open the mine, build the city, fill the valleys with the waving grain or make the desert blossom as the rose.

Cannon balls may plough up sods, but not one hundredth part as well as the quiet, plodding plough. Chain shot, the rattling hail of musketry, the whizzing rifle-ball may cut down limbs or mow down corses; but for pruning the orchard or the vineyard, commend to me the hook, the knife or saw. Contention may scatter the germs of jealousy, the fire of rancour, the sprouts of sin and the rootlets of widening wrong and increasing hate; may deepen and inflame the cancerous fangs of bigotry and pride; but only meekness and gentleness shall sow the seed of the Word; and only patience, humility, and faith shall gather in the sheaves of the ever-brightening, ever-enriching harvest of the Lord.

THE LOST SILVER OF BRIFFAULT.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER VI.—RAY'S LEGACY.

It is safe to say that no life is exactly the same after an interval of more than three years. Outsiders may not observe it, but those who pass behind the doors know the difference. Gloria had dropped completely out of the life at Briffault; her name, if not forgotten, was never spoken—not even by madam. At first she looked anxiously for some word from her ungrateful grandchild, and, if it had come, she was inclined to pardon her freely. But Gloria, in the first triumph of her new position, never thought of her past life. Nothing in it, at that time, was necessary to her happiness, and she was not of that noble order of souls who double their pleasures by sharing them. The selfish girl knew well what a delight her letters, full of descriptions of Washington or New York life, would be to madam; but it would have cost her an effort and an hour or two of time to write them.

Madam felt her desertion so keenly that at first she was fain to seek some comfort from Cassia's excuses; but one morning, about six weeks after Gloria's flight, some trifling circumstance led her to her jewel drawers. Then she discovered her loss, and it may be justly said the gems were the poorest part of it. She lifted the little note with trembling fingers, and read its few words very slowly:

"DEAR GRANDMA: I know you will not be angry at my taking what you have so often and so kindly given me. Denis joins his 'farewell' with mine. We shall always remember you."

GLORIA."

It was carelessly written; there was even a tone of patronage about it. Madam felt that the small courtesy had been a bore. Her lips set firmly and her eyes darkened. She had often shed a few tears about her favourite; she thought that she would never do so again. With an angry deliberation she tore the note into small fragments and threw the white strips, one by one, upon the blazing logs. She looked up at Burke Briffault's picture, and an unspeakable sadness was on her face.

"O, the mistakes of life!" she murmured. "O, the bitter mistakes we make! O, if time could run back again!"

Up and down her room she wandered, implacably removing every trifling memento of her treacherous grandchild.

But she was a woman of strong affections, and all her life she had lavished them upon some one object she had made

specially dear to her. With the singular taste so common to old age, she turned to infancy. Ray's little daughter became her idol, and when it lay asleep upon her knee her whole countenance changed. The child had been called "Mary," after Cassia's mother, and, much to everyone's surprise, madam approved the choice.

"It is the sweetest of names," she said; and then, almost in a whisper, "My mother was called Mary."

And so little Mary Briffault reigned in the place of many other idols, dead or deposed, and she ruled madam absolutely.

During these three years things had not gone well with Raymund. His crop for two seasons had been a failure; he was beginning to feel the anxiety which comes of straitened means. Unfortunately his was neither the eye nor the hand of the diligent master. He had occasional fits of careful oversight but they did not last. Madam had managed affairs much better, and in her days the income had never fallen below the expenditure of the place. But Raymund could not grapple with small difficulties nor enter into petty details. He began to talk of renting the land and of going into some other business. He visited Galveston frequently, and he returned home, after such visits, in very variable moods.

One morning, nearly three years after Gloria had left her home, Raymund received three letters. The first he lifted was an urgent request for money overdue. He read it, shrugged his shoulders, and threw it into the fire. The second was from Gloria. He glanced at the post-mark, a small town upon the Rio Grande, and, without opening it, threw it also into the fire. The third was from Dick Ratcliffe. He read it carefully, and looked at Cassia. Breakfast had just been brought in, and she was making coffee. Usually he was content to feel the charm of her sweet beauty and calm, gracious ways, without any accurate notice of them. But he was conscious of a more particular estimate at this moment, as she lifted her large, dark eyes, beaming with love, to his face. He had not intended to tell her about Ratcliffe's letter, but, somehow, the matter slipped from him.

"Ratcliffe is dying, and he says he would like to see me, Cassia, dear."

"Poor fellow! How terrible to die in such a place!"

"He was good to me when I took the fever."

"Very good. I shall never forget it. God remember it to him at this hour!"

"I think I ought to go. The Ratcliffes have been connected with us for four generations."

"If you could say one word, Ray, he might listen to you; or, if you don't like to speak, you might ask John to do so. He is in Galveston, at the Tremont; ask him to pray with the poor soul. Do, Ray; he got you a bed and a physician, and called

your friends to you ; try and bring him some hope and comfort at his last hour. You ought to, indeed you ought. No one else, perhaps, may think of it."

"I don't like to meddle in such matters—even a dying man is apt to resent anything so personal—and what is the use now, any way?"

"You know the use; he very likely does not, Ray; you will not be innocent if you neglect such an obvious duty. Perhaps for this reason he has remembered you."

"What a little Methodist you are, Cassia! You should not say such uncomfortable things. Dick Ratcliffe's soul is none of my affair."

"But if you see John, you will tell him Ratcliffe is dying; will you not?"

Raymund tried to see John. Somehow Cassia's words had given him a feeling of obligation in the matter, and he was glad to shift it to John's conscience.

About a week afterward John Preston was walking slowly down the ribbed and water-lined sands. Twice he turned and looked at the house from which he had just come—the long, low hut in which Dick Ratcliffe lay dying. He had been to see him often during the past week, and he had always been received with courtesy and indifference. The apathy of the men to everything but the game they were playing struck John with terror. Conscience seemed utterly dead. Nothing beyond the bare tables at which they sat interested them.

Yet on this night, though he had just left the place, he felt impelled to go back. Ratcliffe was at his last hour. The doctor had told him so. But at the last moment John had seen men turn their dying eyes to the cross, towering above their sins and their wicked lives. So he hastily retraced his steps. In the outer room two men were playing euchre, and a red-eyed bar-tender was drowsily watching the game. They glanced up as John re-entered, but never ceased the shuffling of the cards in their hands. No one stayed him, and he pushed aside the door of the death room.

His eyes fell upon an awful scene. The dying man had been propped up in his bed, and, with three of his companions, was playing his last game. His eyes were glazing, his hands almost clay, and when he saw John the cards dropped from them, and, with a low cry of terror, he fell back, dead.

"Dick has lost his game," said one of the men, rising, and flinging down his "hand." His partner, with an uneasy laugh, followed his example. They would have passed John, but he stood in the door, and he laid his hand upon the foremost:

"He has lost his soul, Dacre; that is the game he has lost. You have been dicing with the devil on the brink of perdition, and one of you has fallen into it. O, if you would only lay the warning to heart!"

They pushed past him with an exclamation of angry impatience; and he went up to Raymund, who still sat at the table with his share of the devil's deal in his hand. Raymund rose, with an apology.

"You see, John, it was such an old friendship—four generations—and the cards were the only thing he had any comfort in."

"What kind of a friendship is that which asks you down to the bottomless pit, Ray? Will you sell yourself, soul and body, for these?"

And he took the bits of painted paper out of Ray's hand and flung them, with tears and righteous anger, upon the dirty table.

Raymund did not answer; his hat lay by his side upon the floor; he lifted it, and followed John out of the room. At the bar he stopped, put down the price of his whiskey, and said:

"Ratcliffe is dead."

The bar-tender blinked his sleepy eyes, and muttered:

"I thought so."

The men whose play he was watching were absorbed in their game; one said something about "a big funeral," the other said, in a business-like manner, "I pass." They had been joined by a third party, a hunchback who was in a fever of excitement, and not even "the spectre with the equal footsteps" could make them lift their eyes from the golden stake and the cards in their hands.

Outside, on the sandy beach, John was waiting for Raymund. He was standing bareheaded and motionless, and his solitary figure in the eerie light was solemnly pathetic. Raymund heard no sound, but he knew that John was praying, and the idea of an intercessor occurred clearly to him.

"I will go home, late as it is," he said to John; "I think it will be good to see Cassia and the children."

It was broad daylight when he arrived at Briffault, and he went softly upstairs. He felt almost ashamed to enter his wife's presence. He could not rid himself of the atmosphere of defilement which he had brought from Ratcliffe's, and he wondered if she would be conscious of it. Almost he hoped that she was still sleeping; then he could throw off his soiled suit, and bathe and refresh himself ere he spoke to her. But she was dressed and cooing soft words of love over the crib of his little Mary. Her soft robe fell round her in snowy folds, as she bent to the child; and the child's bare, dimpled arms clasped the mother's neck. He took in at a glance the peace and purity, the exquisite order and beauty of the white, still room. After Dick Ratcliffe's bar, it was like the precincts of a temple.

His footstep was instantly heard, and Cassia laid down the child and turned to him with a smile. At first he thought he would tell her nothing of what he had seen, for why should such knowledge of sin be given to her? But the same "neces-

sity" of confidence was on him that ruled the Ancient Mariner. He felt that he must "needs" speak of the awful scene in which he had been an actor; for his soul shivered in its guilty fear, and longed to take hold of something purer than itself. They were speaking in low tones, and for the sake of the sleeping baby; but he dropped his voice almost to a whisper, as he said:

"Dick Ratcliffe is dead! I told you John could do nothing there, Cassia."

Then, in a few vivid sentences, he went over the death scene, and Cassia listened, with parted lips and eyes full of fear and pity, to the relation. That morning he was glad to see her praying; glad to think that his name was whispered to the Lamb of God, on whose mercy he had, at least, a traditional belief. For he felt that he had been very near to the gates of Tophet, and the terror of the place was on him.

But as the hours went on in glory and song and sunshine, the feeling grew less distinct. He excused himself for his love of play; he considered it an hereditary passion, a rather respectable thing, if he kept it in control. He was fond of telling stories of his grandfather's reckless and fortunate bets, and of his father losing and winning thousands at a sitting.

A few days afterward, he was sitting at his favourite resort on Tremont Street, Galveston. It was a hot day, but he looked cool and clean. He was thinking about money, and his thoughts were anxious ones. But just as he had come to that lawless point at which he usually abandoned reflection, a lawyer whom he knew very well, said:

"Good-morning, Briffault. Did you get my letter about Ratcliffe's legacy?"

"What legacy?"

"You know he has left you twenty thousand dollars?"

"I know nothing of the kind. Why should he leave me money?"

"Why should he not leave you money? He left Dacre twenty thousand dollars, and Jennings ten thousand dollars. If you will call this afternoon, we can settle the matter. Good morning."

It was easy enough now for Raymund to resume the thinking process. He considered that he had a fine house and land and servants and horses and carriages. The one thing that he wanted—the one thing of which he never had sufficient—was ready money. He thought of twenty thousand dollars; it seemed such a piece of good fortune to him. But it was not very respectable money; every cent of it had been made at the gambling-table or the liquor-bar. He felt as if there was a kind of dishonour in accepting it.

Going up the street, a little later, he met Dacre and Jennings. The men were never far apart; they were finger-and-thumb,

hand-and-glove partners in every game. Dacre was a tall, swarthy man, with a fierce, swaggering air; Jennings was an Englishman, with the sharp, red face of a fox, and a perpetual snarl in his voice.

"Good morning, Briffault."

"Good morning, sir."

"Briffault, if you will put ten thousand dollars down, I will put ten thousand dollars, and Jennings will put five thousand dollars, and we will buy that cavallard of horses at Dilke's Station. The government have proposals out for double the number. They can be driven to Forts Ware and Ringold, and we shall make dollar for dollar. It is a good thing, Briffault."

"I have no doubt of it. Why, then, don't you and Jennings work it without me? You could, you know?"

"Yes, sir-r! we could. But we have other plans. Neither of us care to leave the cards when we have so much gold to handle them with. We'll go it equal—half for trade and half for play; and I'll bet you one hundred dollars that playing pays the best."

"I will think over it, gentlemen, and let you know to-morrow."

"No, to-night. We must buy to-morrow, or else I reckon we'll be after time. Slatey is running the old shop; you can call in there. Say seven o'clock?"

"Very well."

Briffault was apparently calm, but he was really full of excitement. This was the very opening he had been longing for. He would go with the cavallard himself, and employ his own servants. He had felt terribly stupid and dull, and here was the very work he could do. Then the enormous profits! It was safer, also, than gambling, and he felt that he must do something with his money. His money! Yes, he had fully accepted it; and at seven o'clock he met Dacre and Jennings, and the compact was made and signed. The men had hardly expected that Briffault would go himself to the frontier, but they were well pleased when he proposed it. The following day Raymund went home. He was anxious to tell Cassia of the fortune that had come to him, and yet at the bottom of his heart there was the conviction that she would regard the legacy as unacceptable. It was late in the evening when he reached Briffault, and the moment he saw his wife he perceived that something had greatly annoyed her. She was walking restlessly about the parlour, and there was a scarlet flush on her cheeks, very unusual to their delicate tint. She gave him no time to ask her any question. As soon as she had greeted him she cried out, in a voice trembling with emotion:

"O Ray, my dear, Mrs. Dacre called here to-day, and she says Ratcliffe left you twenty thousand dollars. You! Put you on a level with Dacre and Jennings! Forgive me, Ray,

but it is such an insult. I have been burning with shame ever since I heard it! I can tell you I spoke my mind very freely to Mrs. Dacre."

"I am sorry you did, Cassia. It was very foolish. Money is money, and it is too late A. D. to have any Quixotic notions about it."

"Ray! you surely don't intend to take Dick Ratcliffe's money?"

"I do not intend to refuse it."

"Then bring none of it here, Ray. I won't touch it. I will want, I will see my children want, ere we will eat such sinful bread. Ratcliffe raked it out of hell; yes, he did! You know how he died. It is worse than blood money!"

"He lit a cigar and answered, calmly:

"Don't go into heroics, Cassia. There is no use having trouble about the matter. It would be an absurd thing for a man to ask every dollar for its pedigree. In that case you would have to wait. I don't believe there is a clean piece of money in the world, unless it is in the mint; and I would not be sure of it, even then."

"That is a forced argument. We have nothing to do with the antecedents of money. We have only to be sure that it comes into our pocket in some way that we can ask God's blessing on it. To a good spender, God is treasurer; dare you kneel down and ask Him to keep Ratcliffe's money for you? No, you dare not. It is money with the devil's mintage mark upon it; don't touch it, Ray. And why should he leave his shameful earnings to you? Put you on the same level as Dacre and Jennings! Had he any spite at you? Did he wish to disgrace you? Why should he give you twenty thousand dollars?"

"My father and grandfather lost a great deal of gold in his place; perhaps it is conscience' money."

"No, no, no! Gamblers have no consciences. They have no souls, and no affections, and very little intelligence. A professional gambler, like Ratcliffe was, has nothing of his humanity left but ten fingers to shuffle cards with. O Ray, don't be angry with me! I am pleading for you and for our little children. Don't touch that money, I entreat you. It is the devil's coin. He wants to buy your soul with it. Will you take twenty thousand dollars for eternity?"

She was under great excitement, and weeping bitterly. Ray rose impatiently, but, controlling himself by a great effort, he answered, with forced calmness:

"Look here, Cassia, I will not listen to another word of such nonsense. I have already invested ten thousand dollars of the money in horses, and I am going to the western forts with them. If I do not get into business soon this place will be eaten

up with debt, and there will be nothing left for me but a hand in Dacre's and Jennings's games. You ought to be glad of such an opportunity for me. It is a respectable business, and one that will give me fine profits."

"You are beginning it with Ratcliffe's money. I would rather you sold Briffault, if you want capital. I don't care how profitable a business is, if you have the devil for a partner in it. Nay, dear Ray, what shall it profit if you gain the whole world and lose—"

He would not let her finish the sentence. He rose in a passion, and Cassia, as yet undisciplined by sorrow, flung herself upon a couch in an abandon of grief and indignation.

But Ray's mind was fully made up. Though he respected her scruples in his inmost heart, he was angry at her for compelling him to scorn them.

"She need not have forced such an alternative on me," he thought, "she might have known that when I made plenty of money she could have all she desired for her chapel and her charities. Yes, indeed," he added in a little burst of self-deception, "If I could afford it I would gladly build the chapel that John was speaking about at Shallow Springs." And the infatuated man never perceived that he was precisely endorsing the action of the sinner who stole the leather and gave the shoes to God.

He left in two days for the West, and Cassia, in her distress went to see madam about the matter. Her pale face and red eyes irritated the old lady. She could not endure women who wept.

"If you did not want him to go," she said, scornfully, "you should have made his home more attractive. You could have invited Dacre and Jennings here, and given them an empty room, and a table, and a pack of cards. What *are* you crying for?"

"The sin of it! And the constant temptation to sin."

"Did you imagine that Raymund Briffault was a saint when you married him? The house and the land and Ray himself have all been doing badly enough for the past three years. It is quite time he began to make money in some way or other."

"I will—not—touch—a—dime—of such money. I will not, if I know it, madam."

"It is easy to be ignorant when one wants to be ignorant. I dare say you will find a way to touch it—without sinning."

"I will play no tricks with my conscience. I will try and manage the plantation to better purpose. I came to ask you to help me. When father and John were away I did very well with the Preston ranch. Every one says you made Briffault pay. Please, madam, assist me with your advice; then I think I can manage it."

"Now you talk sensibly. I respect a woman who is mistress of herself. What is the use of crying when you have a pair of hands? There is at least a living in the old land, and the garden and dairy and poultry ought to be better looked after. But you can do nothing without Ray's authority. When he returns from this trip get it, then I will tell you what to do."

Madam's co-operation was necessary in order to prevent her opposition, and Cassia felt the first successful step to her project had been taken. Unfortunately for Cassia, John was not at home to advise her. He had entered into some new plan for preserving fresh beef, and the interests of the concern took him frequently to the gulf coast, and not unfrequently very far west, in order to buy cattle for the purpose.

So Cassia passed the days as contentedly as she could with her children. From prayer she gathered hope, and they who live in hope breathe the sweet air of futurity. As near as it was possible, she also endeavoured to reach the goal of an existence in which she would speak much oftener to God than to the world; for she had already apprehended that life's great secret of peace is to avoid the feverish contact of mankind.

As for Ray, he was at this time very happy. The life upon which he had entered had all the charm of novelty. The sales were unusually good; he very nearly realized all that Dacre had anticipated. And, as he was returning with such a large sum of money, he had an escort from a cavalry company until he met a body of "rangers," who again rode with him until he reached the settlements. Ray's previous ideas of life were thoroughly unsettled, and he looked back upon the prosaic business of planting corn and cotton as intolerably stupid and monotonous.

On his return he was quite willing to resign the care of the plantation to Cassia and madam. He had great faith in madam's abilities; and he felt that he had fully done his duty when he insisted that if any emergency arose he should be appealed to and allowed to meet it. But Cassia was determined such emergencies should never come; she would keep the expenses far below their usual level, and she would refuse every luxury of food, dress, or appointments which the income from the plantation did not warrant. In Dick Ratcliffe's money neither herself nor children should have part or portion.

She had, however, assumed a very difficult task. The servants, conscious that Ray was not at home, nor likely to interfere with them if he was at home, robbed and wrouged her. She was compelled, in sheer self-defence, to be constantly changing "hands," and for this very reason got an ill name she by no means deserved.

As time passed on, she often felt the pinch of that cruel poverty which must be borne and concealed. She had to work

hard, to save at every corner, and yet to borrow frequently from John. Often she was tempted to say, "In vain have I washed my hands in innocency." She had had such bright dreams of almost impossible success. She thought she would prove to Ray that, in the end, the path of virtue was the path of profit as well as the path of happiness. But three years had passed away, and the results had all been of that kind which make labour most depressing.

And she was conscious that Ray's life was, as regarded herself, a greater failure than her own. His quiet gentlemanly manners had gradually been lost in those of the bravo. And the worst feature of the change in Ray was, that the deluded man approved it. He looked back with a shrug of annoyance to the days of his dreaming leisure, his desultory intellectual efforts, his placid domestic joys, and his occasional weekly sacrifice with his family to the duty of Sabbath worship. And it is true enough they had been days of mere negative goodness; but O, how much more hopeful and innocent than those which followed! For he had learned to drink, and his easily-earned dollars rang readily on saloon counters; and when he was flush of money it was a part of gambling honour to play deeply.

Every time he returned home the change was more apparent. Sometimes his absences were short; sometimes they extended over weeks, perhaps months. But, however long he stayed away, he was quite certain of finding Dacre and Jennings and the little hunchback at their usual place, in what had been Ratcliffe's bar. The tie between these men and Raymond Briffault had been, from the first, a circumstantial one. It had arisen out of the accident of their having money to invest at the same time, rather than from any personal sympathy. At first Dacre and Jennings had been proud of their association with Briffault, and inclined to defer to him in all things; but the deterioration of his character displeased them. So the alliance, which had been formed at Ratcliffe's death, broke up at the end of the third year, and was finally dissolved with much hard feeling and many bitter words.

Raymund had handled a great deal of money during these three years; but he had also squandered a great deal, and he was very little richer now than when the partnership was formed. He claimed twenty-two thousand dollars, but Dacre so reluctantly allowed the claim, that Ray became suspicious of some secret ill-deed; and he caught one glance of Dacre's eyes, so vindictive and hateful, that he resolved to go to New Orleans until his anger wore itself away. It was September when he went; it was the following February when he returned. Men do not become altogether wicked all at once; Ray had still many passing good impulses. But good impulses are of little value, unless they crystallize into good actions;

and though Ray's heart often softened to the thought of his children, and of their mother praying with them, the thought brought forth no good fruit. On the night of his return from New Orleans he came unexpectedly into just such a scene. Cassia rose from her knees, the tears still wet on her cheeks, to welcome him. He could no more doubt the truth of her piety than he could doubt her delight in his return. He kissed the tears tenderly away, and his heart filled, as he bent over his innocent children.

Then there was a little festival made. Madam, in her distant room, heard the unusual voice and movement, and the faint echoes of Cassia's voice in its happy inflections. After awhile Ray went to see madam. There were changes of which she was, perhaps, unconscious, but which he noted instantly. The room, as usual, was brilliantly lighted, but Josepha had never been able to give it the same air of antique and stately sumptuousness which distinguished it during Souda's oversight. Madam, also, was a little less carefully dressed. She was much thinner, but her black eyes were as bright as ever, and Ray was pained and struck by their expression, it was so anxious and restless. He remembered that he had once before seen just such a look in the eyes of a little child who had lost herself on the wharf at New Orleans. Before madam lay the great ocean of eternity. All around her pressed memories of shame and sin and sorrow. They were crowding her to the very brink of the unknown. Her soul was shivering and fearing; and, with a pathetic entreaty, looking through the only gratings of its fleshly prison-house for some friend strong enough to give help or comfort.

She hoped nothing from Raymund, however. His conduct had disappointed and humiliated her. She noticed, at once, that he had grown coarser in appearance, and was more carelessly dressed.

"I am sorry to see you, Ray," she said; "you are looking much worse. A man may be bad without becoming vulgar. Look at your great-grandfather. Every man of your family dressed like a gentleman. It is the next thing to behaving like one."

"Pardon me, madam. I am just off a long journey."

"And I thought Cassia was going to make you respectable and pious. It is a poor family that has not one saint in it. Cassia has failed, I see."

The conversation was taking an unpleasant turn. Ray excused himself, and left the miserable old woman; but at the door she recalled him.

'Do you go into Galveston soon?'

"To-morrow."

"Call upon Souda; tell her to come and see me."

Ray had lost most of his money in New Orleans, he wanted to borrow some, and he could think of no one so likely to oblige him as Dacre. For he had forgotten the hard words that had passed between them, and he judged that Dacre would have also done the same. He did not meet a soul on his way to Ratcliffe's; but as he pushed aside the door the familiar rattle of the dice fell upon his ear. At Dacre's old table, however, only strangers were sitting. He glanced at them, and then went up to the bar, where the same man, a little redder-eyed, handed him, without a word, a bottle and a glass. Ray nodded his head backward, and asked,

"Where are they?"

"Gone."

"All of them?"

"The same thing. Teddy, the hunchback, lost his last copper, went outside, and we found him hanging from the beam in the horse-shed. Jennings bought him a coffin; might easy—won a thousand from him."

"Jennings? Where is he?"

"Dacre shot him. They got into a dispute one night—somehow pistols went off promiscuous like. Jennings fell dead. It was an accident, but Dacre lost his head after it; he's clean crazy."

"Where is he?"

"Behind you. He's quiet enough, and Slatey says, 'Let him alone,' says he. 'He don't harm any one, and he wont stay away.'"

Ray turned as the man spoke. Dacre sat on a low cowhide chair, his arms upon his knees, his restless twitching hands shuffling unceasingly a lot of dirty cards. His eyes were sunken, his large nose abnormally prominent, his lips constantly moving and muttering. Ray spoke to him. He took no notice of him whatever.

"Give him something to eat and drink. That's all he cares for, now."

The man offered him a plate of crackers and a bottle. Dacre seized them, and eat and drank voraciously, but with a mere animal instinct, and without intelligence or appreciation. This was *dementia*—the death of the soul. The wretched man could digest, and he could not think.

"The doctor says it's fright; that's nonsense. He had lost all his money; Jennings had cleaned him out, too."

But Ray did not wait to hear the explanation. Dacre terrified him. He went quickly out of the place; and for days he could not rid himself of the horror which this terrible living apparition had given him.

“ETERNAL LIFE.”*

BY THE REV. S. S. NELLES, D.D., LL.D.

JOHN BUNYAN, in that beautiful allegory, “The Pilgrim’s Progress,” represents his pilgrim, on one occasion, as thrusting his fingers into his ears and running, and as he runs, he cries, “Life ! life ! eternal life !” This represents the spirit of the true Christian in all ages and in all lands, and gives us a picture of the earnestness of the man who turns a deaf ear to the allurements of this world’s pleasure. It puts before our minds the distant goal after which we aspire, and towards which we run, girding up the loins of our minds ; the immortal crown which is in reserve for the good. We ask, “What is eternal life ?” What is implied ; what is buried up or hidden away in the deep significance of the phrase which you have in the language of the text, which you are enjoined “to lay hold of” in at least two places in this chapter ?

I do not know that I can tell you what it is, and I may as well warn you in the opening of my remarks that you are not to expect from me a full exposition of all that is meant by that phrase, “eternal life.” This is not making any humiliating acknowledgment. It is saying of the form of life called eternal life, what we have to say of every other form of life. We talk about vegetable and animal life, but notwithstanding all the language which men of science may use, they cannot tell us what life really is. There is vegetable life, with which you are all familiar. It has a wide range, running from the tiny moss, springing out of the wall, to the huge cedars of Lebanon, or the mighty oak of our Canadian forest, which sends its roots deeper into the soil, and its branches into the sky, year by year, and for a thousand years or more braves the tempest or the storm. You cannot tell what that life is. You cannot tell how it is that the acorn is inspired with the spirit of life and grows up into the great tree. That form of life is as inexplicable as the form of life called eternal.

Then again, there is animal life of every grade, from the moles that people the sunbeam, all along to the higher forms of animal life up to the leviathan, the greatest of all that swim the ocean stream. We cannot tell what animal life is ; we think that something has been added to vegetable life. In vegetable life we have various forms of beauty, in animal life we have added to these the powers of feeling and instinct. This instinct is shown in animal life by the fondness of the parent for its young, and gives us a marvellous display of the infinite resources of the great Author of life. Look at the form of life displayed in the beautiful little canary in its cage. What grace of form, and what sweet music are combined in its little frame, and yet you can tell nothing about this manifestation of life. It is all a mystery. How it is that the beautiful bird can sing so sweetly no one can tell.

* A sermon preached by the Rev. Dr. Nelles, in the Methodist Church, Orillia, on Sunday, December 12th, 1881, from 1 Timothy vi. 12 : “Lay hold of eternal life.” This report is kindly furnished by the Rev. S. P. Rose. The report was made by a gentleman in the audience, and though substantially correct, suffers from the fact that it was never revised by the lamented preacher.

Then, again, there is human life, which is higher, and richer, and more varied, and more comprehensive ; which is complex and many sided, and which takes in that which belongs to plant life of nutrition and growth, and superadds that which belongs to animal life of sensation and instincts of love, and foresight and care. All these belong to us in common with the lower animals, but they are wonderfully interwoven with something else that lies beyond, and links us to something higher. Man's life is richer and more complex, because in addition to that which makes vegetable and animal life, there are powers of thought and feeling, aspirations and affections, griefs and hopes, and longings after immortality which are unknown to the lower orders of creation.

That form of consciousness which we call conscience—the moral power of apprehension of right and wrong—does not at all belong to the lower animals. Even those who preach the modern theory of evolution tell us that in man, as he now is, something has been acquired that did not belong to the primitive state of creation. Man has gone up, but he has not left off the vegetable or animal form of life, he retains them. You cannot leave off the animal life in this world. What you have to contemplate in man is the superaddition of something higher.

We have to consider the composite and complex life, this interwoven life of vegetable and animal and something beyond. The life of the brute beast runs along on a dead level. It resembles a level railway track. There is no ascension, it may run on and on interminably, but it never rises. The brute at the end of its career is the same as at the beginning. We say that the eagle soars, but it only soars physically. It never soars in thought, or fancy, or aspirations after immortality, it never soars to the apprehension of the true and the beautiful and the good. It only possesses the spirit of the brute that goeth downward.

We have noticed the resemblance between man and the lower orders of creation, we come now to a contrast. The life of man may be likened to a ladder, the foot of which, indeed, rests upon the earth, but the summit reaches to the threshold of the city of God, and is lost amid the mingling light and clouds of the glory that is to come. Somewhere on the other side of humanity, in the region of conscience, and holy aspirations, and immortal hope and likeness unto God ; somewhere in that part of our nature there is provision made for the attainment of that which is called in the language of Scripture "eternal life." Not the life of the vegetable or the animal, but the higher life of which man was originally made capable by reason of having been made in the image of God, for it is the life of God. Never judge of man by what you see. Never judge of the meanest man, or the most degraded woman by what you see. You cannot see the true greatness of man ; you cannot see the heights of loveliness of character to which woman may attain by what you see of them. You must judge of your fellow-men and yourself, not by what you are in your poverty of soul, and with the burden of sin upon you, nor even when forgiven by the grace of God. In this preparatory stage of being, we must judge of man by the possibilities of his being, which far surpass our brightest thoughts : for "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what God hath prepared for them that love Him."

What, then, is eternal life ? Some things it is not. *It is not immortality.*

Now, perhaps, that may startle you ; for, I think, that is the prevailing conception of it. Eternal life presupposes immortality, but when you say of this kind of life simply that it is endless, you do not convey any very adequate idea of what it is. If a plant were to live and bloom forever, would it have eternal life? If a bird were to live and sing forever, would it have what the Scripture calls eternal life? No ! Those angels which kept not their first estate, whom God hurled headlong from heaven, have they eternal life? It is rather eternal death. Eternal life is not merely heaven.

It is the preparation for heaven. There certainly will not be heaven for anyone without it. The drunkard, or the selfish or envious man in heaven, if it were possible for them to get there unchanged, could not be said to have eternal life. The imagery of Scripture which calls up heaven, the eternal city to our imagination is very beautiful, and we are told that into that city there can enter nothing that is unclean. Those fruits of the Spirit which the apostle enumerates must be cultivated here in order for us to enjoy their development in heaven.

Eternal life is not adequately expressed by saying that it is enjoyment. It carries enjoyment in the heart of it, but it implies something more. God has been pleased to annex pleasure to all kinds of life. The bird and the insect have their sensations of joy. There are pleasures of intellect, pleasures of activity, and pleasures of repose. God has so constituted things, that all forms of activity, with health, carry with them a certain amount of enjoyment of life. This thing called eternal life will be no exception to this rule. It will rather possess richer enjoyment and felicity, which should be called by that stronger expression, "blessedness." But for all that, we must get away from the mere conception of enjoyment as constituting the essence of eternal life. It is the possession of eternal life that gives enjoyment, and not enjoyment that makes eternal life. The fragrance does not make the rose, it is the rose that makes the fragrance. It is the peculiar structure and endowment by God of that plant that gives it its fragrance and beauty. You must not reverse the order. You cannot take away those subtle elements of interwoven being by which the rose is distinct from the lily. In the same way, it is not the song that makes the bird, but the bird the song. Wherever you find any type of pleasure and enjoyment, it results from the healthful and normal use of some faculty with which God has endowed that sentient being.

I know it is a little difficult to carry you with with me in this somewhat metaphysical line of thought, but I trust I have made it apparent that we are to seek for something inward and spiritual before we begin to expect to reap real enjoyment. If you will but think of it for a moment, you will easily see that that which is most beautiful and grand and thrilling in human life and character does not come along with scenes of enjoyment, much less does enjoyment constitute it. If you will recollect what you have read of history, and view these things in the light of Scriptural teaching, you will see that that which fills your heart with admiration and thrills you with enthusiasm does not come from scenes of festive enjoyment and delight. You do not make any man your hero merely because he has a well-spread board and a pleasurable means of existence. Such a man does not fill your soul's imagination as your ideal of the highest form of

human life. It is in seasons of pain that we get the highest idea of human life. Oh, mystery of humanity, that when God would touch us with a sense of admiration it should come to us through channels of suffering and pain.

The brightest spots of human history are those where we see the enthronement in the heart of some high, heavenly inspiration and power that makes men capable of sacrificing and enduring even unto death, which is all in contrast to the epicurean forms of living. There is a glory upon the plains of Marathon, and the rocks of Thermopylæ, that shall never fade. We cannot hear to-day of those famous places and hours of battle, we cannot hear the names of those noble Spartans, stemming the tide of Persian invaders, without a strange feeling running through us, very different from that produced by scenes of feasting and mirth. No! No! It is the heroism of courage and endurance and sacrifice unto death that has given the glory to the plains of Marathon and the rocks of Thermopylæ. Let us read music in the harsh and guttural words—Gettysburgh, Bannockburn, Balaclava—words to charm with, and with which the poet and the historian gladly adorn their pages. What makes these harsh names musical? It is because they tell of scenes and times when men rose above themselves, and suffered and bled and died for principle.

Look at the Cross, once it was an object of infamy and of cruel torture. Now it is invested with beauty and sympathy and glory, the brightest of all the emblems of earth. What has transformed it? Is it not pain and suffering? Now we begin to tread upon the borders of the deeper meaning of the phrase, eternal life. *It is the life of God.* That which we are told to lay hold of in the text, and which is called eternal life, is the life of God. Man would be incapable of this life, only that he was made in the image of God, and has been redeemed or restored to eternal life. "This is life eternal that we may know Thee and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." God has given us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. To have the mind of Christ is to have in us this germ or principle of eternal life.

When it is said this is life eternal to know Jesus Christ, it does not mean a merely speculative or theoretical knowledge of Christ; but that kind of knowledge which involves likeness to God, and carries with it a transforming power. It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him—we shall be made partakers of the Divine nature. This is strong language, and I dare not use it if I did not find it in the Bible. You will climb up to this thing called eternal life, only as you climb up in assimilation to Him who only hath immortality—Jesus Christ. Eternal life is hid away somewhere on that side of our nature by which we are made capable of ascending evermore in the likeness and knowledge and blessedness of God. "In Thy presence there is fulness of joy." "Thou wilt show me the path of life."

This life is something like engrafted life, as when an ordinary poor tree is engrafted, and thus improved and turned into that which gives us the rich and beautiful fruit of autumn. There is a possibility of this humanity of ours, however immersed in darkness and ignorance, being restored to this better life. *Eternal life does not lie altogether in the future*, it can be attained on this side the grave. If it is not begun here it will not begin yonder. Be sure if it is begun here it will grow into a "far more exceeding

and eternal weight of glory" beyond the grave. He that believeth on the Son *hath* this life in him now. The evidence of this life is to be found in that marvellous catalogue of graces, which the apostle says are the fruit of the Spirit—love joy, peace, etc., the like of which you will find in no heathen work, although much that is beautiful is to be found even there.

Brethren, have I said enough? I have only given you glimpses, but that is all I promised to give you. Anything more must come of your own personal experience. It is said that it is necessary that we have in us something of the poet to enjoy poetry, and something of affection to comprehend the beauty of affection. So, in like manner, we must have in us something of the heavenly, if we would understand the deep significance of that phrase, "eternal life."

We shall know more of this life when the veil is lifted; when the mortal shall have put on immortality; when we shall have entered within those gates of pearl, and listened to the strains of those harpers harping on their harps in the glory land. We shall then have richer enjoyment, but that enjoyment must begin here, perhaps amid pain, and struggling, and tears. I pray you, lay hold of eternal life. Mark the universality of the injunction, and the corresponding universality of the promise. There is no restriction, it is as wide as the world, as free as air, and attainable by all men. Eternal life is for the poor as well as the rich, for the inmate of the cottage or hovel as well as of the palace. It is your privilege and your boon to possess eternal life.

This promise has no limits within the boundaries of time. Beyond that I have no Gospel and no message, for I know nothing of the life beyond the grave but what is revealed in this book. There is an accepted time; that time is *now*. Therefore, after the manner of the immortal pilgrim, put your fingers into your ears, and, deaf to all sinful sounds, gird up the loins of your mind, and with perseverance of purpose, run and run, and as you run, cry, "Life, life, eternal life!"

LORD, SHUT ME IN.

"And the Lord shut him in."

"WITH Thy strong arm, Lord, shut me in
Thy ark of grace;
Withdraw me from the power of sin
And folly's wild, incessant din,
No more let earth my spirit win
From Thy embrace.

"Safe shut me in with Thee and Thine,
Apart from wrong;
Conform my heart to Thy design—
My soul a branch, and Thou the Vine,
And of the fellowship Divine
Shall be my song."

—*Havergal.*

Current Topics and Events.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

This is one of the most notable of the great religious assemblies of the world. It is a great pleasure to enjoy even for a short time the sessions of this important body. We give here in abridged form some condensed notes of the Conference, which we furnished for publication elsewhere.

The Conference represents over 100 conferences, 12,000 ministers, 2,000,000 members and probably about 10,000,000 adherents. This is the only legislative body of the entire Church, and its laws are binding upon all its members from New York to San Francisco, as well as in its widely scattered missions throughout the world. Alike on the banks of the Ganges and the banks of the Congo, its decisions carry the weight of final authority. Among the delegates are representatives from the Missions of Germany, Italy, Sweden, India, China, Japan, Mexico and Africa. Several of the Oriental delegates wear the native costume of their respective countries.

The Conference is composed of the very *elite* of the Church, both clerical and lay. Distinguished divines, editors, college presidents, and professors, judges, ex-army officers, with one or two ex-generals, bankers, merchants and professional men, compose a body who for intelligence and ability it would be hard to surpass.

Not many buildings would accommodate the deliberative sessions of so numerous a body, and also furnish sufficient committee room accommodation and space for the large and deeply interested audiences, who gather on the more important occasions. The new Metropolitan Opera House, however, is

found to admirably answer the purpose. The delegates occupy the main floor. Above this rise the galleries, five in number. The first two are composed entirely of boxes or stalls. These are rented for a large sum, which will go far to meet the necessarily large expenses of the Conference. The upper galleries, accommodating 2,000, are free to visitors.

One of the most conspicuous figures in the Conference is Dr. William Taylor, missionary Bishop of Africa. He is in popular appreciation more like a mediæval hero of a romance than a matter-of-fact nineteenth century preacher. He first became known to fame as "California Taylor," from the dauntless courage of his preaching in the saloons and streets of San Francisco in the lawless gold-fever days of '49. He is the founder of several self-supporting missions in India and in South America, and recently he has been taking up the same *role* in the Free State of the Congo. He refuses to accept salary for himself or for his hundred and more missionaries on the Congo. He is planting self-supporting mission stations along the route of that great river, as centres of civilization and Christianity to the Pagan tribes around. His large, bony frame, his keen and piercing eyes, his long and venerable beard, would make him a striking figure in any assembly. For many years he refused any personal salary, supporting himself by the sale of his racy books, which are found in many a Canadian home. In his sturdy independence he has more than once made his missionary voyages in the steerage of crowded and ill-equipped vessels — literally, among the "steers" and sleeping on the deck. In his "journeyings off" and missionary zeal, and determined self-support, he is, to my mind, more

like St. Paul than any man now living. Yet he combines with his spiritual knight-errantry a shrewd practical wisdom. He has had a steamer built for use on the Upper Congo. It was found almost impossible to convey it by man-loads over the portages of the river; he therefore had some of the machinery converted into a traction engine, with which he is having the steamer hauled overland to the long stretches of the upper waters of the Congo.

The extension of the pastoral term will also receive its share of discussion. It is being more and more felt that the term of three years is too short, especially in the cities, for the full exercise of ministerial usefulness. But the Church as a whole regards its itinerancy as its *decus et decorum*; and when we see the spectacle of a great Church of 12,000 ministers and 12,000 charges, in which no minister able to work is without a church, and no church is without a minister, we can understand why the conservative instincts of the Conference make it reluctant to do aught that may impair the efficiency of the institution.

The fraternal greetings of our own Church to this venerable Church, whose missionaries first introduced Methodism into Canada, were conveyed with great beauty and propriety by the Canadian visiting delegate, the Rev. E. A. Stafford, LL.B.; his address will be read in full throughout the length and breadth of Canada. It is enough to say here that it was worthy of the occasion and of the man, and of the Church he represented. It was elevated in tone, broad in scope, and pervaded with a spirit of kindest catholicity. We were especially pleased with the generous references to the sister Churches of Canada, and to the augury that perhaps for Canada was reserved the honour of leading the way to an exhibition of the practical union of the Churches on the common ground of the great essential truths of our holy religion.

DR. S. J. HUNTER.

In the death of Dr. Hunter, the

Methodist Church has lost one of its ablest and most eloquent and successful ministers; that event came with all the force of a stunning surprise. He was in the full ripeness of his powers, and we might reasonably have expected that long years of usefulness were in store for him. Although for some time not physically strong, there was about him such a fund of mental vitality and vivacity, that it was almost impossible to associate with him the thought of early and sudden death. He had very many attractive qualities, that won the confidence and esteem of all who came within the sphere of his influence. But to those who knew him well he revealed the singular strength and depth of his nature. Those who knew him best loved him most. These he "grappled to his soul with hooks of steel." As Dr. Dewart truthfully remarked, in his beautiful address at the funeral of his old friend, of him it might with singular propriety be said.

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might
stand up

And say to all the world, This was a
man.

This strength of moral manhood was a striking characteristic. He had the courage of his opinions, and did not hesitate to maintain faithfully his convictions of truth and righteousness. In Conference or other deliberative assembly he did not speak with undue frequency; but when he did, he went to the very heart of the question, and in a few clear-cut and incisive sentences generally carried conviction to the minds of his hearers. But it was in the pulpit and on religious platform that he was at his best. Here he swayed an imperial influence like a monarch on his throne. He united a convincing speech and a persuasive art that led men to decision for God and to consecration of life. Some of his pulpit and platform triumphs are remembered by his brethren with delight years after they took place.

Dr. Hunter came of a family which gave two distinguished ministers besides himself to the Christian minis-

try—the Rev. Dr. W. J. Hunter, of the¹ Niagara Conference, and the Rev. H. D. Hunter, pastor of the Congregational Church of London. He was born in Phillipsburg, Quebec, in 1842, and was in early life converted to God. Such a strong and earnest nature could not long remain inactive in the great moral conflict waging in the world. He soon buckled on his armour for a lifelong conflict for truth and righteousness against sin and wrong. He early came to the front as a Methodist preacher. His ministerial life, after his probation, was chiefly spent in the service of some of the strongest churches of Montreal, Toronto, and Hamilton. Everywhere he left a record of usefulness, of upbuilding the Church of God, that made his return to a former charge a much desired event.

Dr. Hunter wielded a pen of unusual vigour and vivacity. Many persons still remember his graphic and sprightly letters recounting the proceedings of the Ecumenical Conference in London. His contributions to this MAGAZINE were also read with much pleasure and profit.

Brother Hunter's piety was not of the austere sort that could not perceive the humorous aspect of things; he was one of the most genial of companions, and those who have travelled with him, or have been otherwise intimately associated with him, recount the great pleasure that his Christian courtesy and urbanity conferred. He thus made religion attractive to those who would be repelled by austerity of manner.

His loss will be sorely felt. We looked to him as one who should long continue to fill one of the foremost places in the Church, and to bear a leading part in its guidance—to be a Nestor in its councils, as he had been an Achilles in its conflicts. But so it seemed not good to the All-wise and All-kind Head of the Church. What an admonition to us who are left to work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

Our country has an enviable reputation for its observance of the Sabbath. This, we think, is more nearly allied to national prosperity than some would admit. There are those who would like to relax the bonds of Sabbath observance. It is well to guard against the beginnings of such invasion of the rights of the working-man; for it is to his interest more than to that of any other man that the sanctity of the Sabbath be maintained. We are glad, therefore, that Senator Macdonald introduced his resolution calling attention to the many petitions in favour of the better observance of the Lord's day. The laws of the different Provinces are on this subject widely diverse. He urged the harmonization of these laws, with the suppression of certain flagrant violations of the sanctity of the holy day. He deprecated the running of Sunday trains, and steamboats, and the practice of Sunday work in connection with the post-office department.

"Here clearly," he said, "there is Dominion jurisdiction. It is in the power of the Postmaster-General to order the closing of every post office in the Dominion on the Lord's day. Impossible says one; what shall we do if we do not get our letters? Do just what other people do. Do without them, and be all the better for the experiment. But the same statement is repeated, and the only one apparently which objectors can use, 'Impossible!' Well, all I can say is that it is possible in the great metropolis of the world. It is possible in London with its five millions of people; not a post office cart to be seen on the streets; not a postman to be seen on his rounds; not a letter delivered in any part of that vast metropolis. There, where every shade of religious belief is found; there, where the busiest men in the world are found; there, where men with the most pressing business are found; but for letters they must

wait. Has this public observance of the day not something to do with the marvellous order which prevails in the largest city which the world has ever seen?"

We hope that Mr. Macdonald will continue his labours in this righteous

cause till, as far as may be practicable, every man in the Dominion may have guaranteed to him the right to the quiet restful Sabbath that his Maker designed him to enjoy.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

It is anticipated that the net increase of the membership of this Church for the last year will exceed 4,000.

There are fifty Wesleyan chapels and other preaching places in Italy, and eighteen in Spain and Portugal.

The missionary contributions of Fiji Christians was \$20,000 last year, and yet the first missionary to the Pacific group of isles is still living.

Rev. Thomas Champness, organizer of evangelistic bands for home and foreign work receives encouraging intelligence from two recently sent out to Africa, to work among the Zulus. Mr. Champness advocates the establishment of a new order of foreign missionaries—young lay evangelists who will be willing to work among the heathen without any guaranteed salary.

At a recent meeting of the Foreign Missionary Committee, in view of the responsibilities and opportunities which are likely to tax vigour and enthusiasm to the utmost, only younger men were nominated to vacancies in the Secretariat. Rev. E. E. Jenkins, M.A., intends to leave the mission-house at Conference.

The Rev. A. McAulay and Mr. Sampson have enjoyed great seasons of spiritual success in Jamaica. They have gone from town to town in the various circuits, and, in every instance, showers of blessing have accompanied their labours. At one place there were 210 horses in the chapel yard, while their owners, some of whom had come twenty

miles, were attending Divine service. On Sabbaths, especially, the churches are crowded to overflowing.

A large special committee, under the President of the Conference, has sat for days in the Centenary Hall, to consider and report as to the way by which waste and friction in the workings of the various sections of the Methodist Church may be lessened or prevented. Great unanimity attended the deliberations. A series of resolutions were adopted, which embodied the following: "Henceforth representatives are to be received by the Conference from all the other branches of Methodism in England, of which there are four. Common action is to be taken by all the bodies on matters advantageous to Methodism; fraternal intercourse is to be encouraged and extended, and means are to be adopted to prevent henceforth the needless multiplication of Methodist chapels when there is already sufficient accommodation."

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The summary of foreign missions indicate a large increase for the year. These missions are nineteen in number, of which four are in China, seven in Europe, three in India, and one each in Japan, Corea, Africa, Mexico, and South America. Attached to these missions, or rather to fifteen of them, is a force of 327 missionaries, including assistant missionaries and appointees of the W. F. M. S. The missions in Germany, Switzerland, Sweden and Norway and Denmark are conducted by

natives. There are domestic missions among the Indians, Welsh, French, Germans, Scandinavians, Bohemians, Japanese, Chinese, and Spaniards, as well as among the English-speaking population.

Bishop Taylor has returned from Africa to attend the General Conference in New York, and reports thirty-six stations started, and that out of 140 missionaries only six men and six women have died. The missions are self-supporting.

A mission has been established among the Japanese on the Sandwich Islands. There is a colony of Japanese of about 5,000 without idol, temple or priest. Three converted Japanese recently sailed from San Francisco, to labour on this new mission.

The Rev. Thomas Harrison has been conducting very successful meetings in Jane Street and Central Churches, New York City. There have been more than 1,000 conversions.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Mr. M. R. Tuttle writes from Azabu, Tokio, Japan: A few Sundays ago three or four of our students were baptized; among them was young Prince Moir, who goes soon to England to remain ten years. Yesterday thirty-two were baptized, students of the girls' and boys' schools. There was a love-feast and the sacrament; at the latter about 160 participated, principally the scholars, but some adults. It was a very joyous season. In the evening we had a missionary meeting, at which thirty-eight yen was collected.

A farewell service for the Rev. John Weir, on the eve of his departure to Japan, was held in the Robie Street Church, Halifax, April 30th.

Miss Lewis, of Truro, Nova Scotia Conference, has been accepted to labour in Japan, under the auspices of the Woman's Missionary Society.

RECENT DEATHS.

The Rev. Benjamin Hellier, Governor of the Wesleyan College, Headingly, was called to his heavenly

home since our last issue. He was greatly beloved by hundreds of young men who had been under his care. For thirty-six years he had been connected with the theological institutions, which gave him great influence among the rising ministry. His object always seemed to be to send forth earnest, soul-saving Methodist preachers.

The Rev. John Harvard, also belonging to the parent body, has finished his course. He was the son of the late Rev. William Harvard, one of the noble young men who was associated with Dr. Coke on his mission to India, and was also at one time President of the Canada Conference. Mr. Harvard entered the ministry in 1841. For four years he was Governor of Wesley College, Sheffield.

The Rev. Edward Rust, Primitive Methodist in England, has entered into rest. He was in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and the forty-seventh of his ministry.

The Rev. James Porter, D.D., died in Brooklyn, N.Y., in April, when he had just reached the eightieth year of his age, fifty-eight of which have been spent in the ministry. He soon reached a prominent place among his brethren. He was a member of every General Conference from 1844 to 1872, and at one time was one of the agents in the Book Concern, New York.

Professor William F. Sherwin, one of the sweet singers in Israel, has gone to join the heavenly choir, who are ceaselessly employed in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. He died at Boston, Massachusetts, April 14th, aged sixty-two. He was a famous Sunday-school worker, and for many years was the chief musical director of the Chautauqua Sunday-school Assembly; lately he was also professor in the New England Conservatory of Music. He was well known to thousands in Canada, as he has often been a visitor to the Dominion in connection with the Sunday-school gatherings. He was an interesting companion, and was a true Christian gentleman.

Book Notices.

Current Religious Perils, with Preludes; and Other Addresses on Leading Reforms, and a Symposium on Vital and Progressive Orthodoxy. By JOSEPH COOK. 8vo. Pp. 435. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$2.

This is in every respect the most noteworthy volume of the Boston Monday Lectures. It is about one-half larger than the previous volumes, and much of it is printed in briefer type, and the subjects it discusses are of paramount importance. The lectures and preludes are upon the following topics:—Waste of Opportunity the Chief Peril of the Church; Modern Novel Opportunity in Philosophy; in Theology; in Ethical Science; in the Spiritual Life; in Comparative Religion; in Christian Union; in New Political Outgrowths of Christianity; Leaders or Misleaders in High Places; Lord's Day Lawlessness; the Indian as a Political Cripple (with a brief Address by Bright Eyes); National Perils from Illiteracy; Creed and Deed among Church-Members; Henry Ward Beecher as Preacher and Reformer; Men, Money, and Motive in Missions; Perjury and Disloyalty among Mormons. There is also a series of supplementary addresses by Mr. Cook on Scriptural and Speculative Standards of Orthodoxy; Arbitration as a Remedy for War; the Future of Cities and of the Liquor Traffic; Slavery and the Saloon in Politics; Promises and Perils of the Temperance Reform; the Death of Wendell Phillips; John B. Gough as Orator and Reformer; as well as the following:—High-Caste Widows, an Address by the Pundita Ramabai; Woman in New Japan, from the Rev. C. S. Eby, of Tokio; Prohibition in Canada, by J. Macdonald Oxley, of Ottawa. The symposium represents the opinions of over a score of the foremost ministers of the United States and others.

We find no lectures so well repaid by careful reading as those of Joseph Cook. We have just finished re-reading his brilliant lectures on the Occident and Orient, and we do not know any two books packed so full of striking thoughts expressed with such epigrammatic force. The themes of the present volume are of even greater practical importance, and will be a most valuable addition to any pastor's or layman's library.

Man a Revelation of God. By the Rev. G. E. ACKERMAN, A.M., M.D., D.D. 8vo, pp. 396. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.50.

This is no hasty production. It is, the author tells us, the result of nine long years of study and preparation. It is written with the earnest desire to help the honest doubter over his difficulties—that the young, especially, may be helped off, or rather *kept off*, the shoals of unbelief. The author treats man first in his physical aspects, and finds in his physical relations a stamp of the Divine. He examines the different scientific theories of his origin and antiquity—as spontaneous generation, evolution, natural selection, etc., and shows the correspondence of the highest science and the revelation of Scripture. He examines next man's physical structure, and many of its special adaptations, and shows the teleontological argument based thereon. He next examines human speech, the origin of languages and of words, with their moral significance, and deduces therefrom an additional illustration of the Divine. Man's mental characteristics, and his will and moral nature, then pass under review, the evidence of his Divine origin becoming more cogent with every step. Finally, his intellectual and moral achievements, his sublime religious aspirations, and his spiritual regeneration and adoption into the household of God, are

the crowning proofs that God is his Father and Heaven his destined home. The book, apart from its religious teachings, is one of fascinating interest, on account of its excellent literary style and of its many striking illustrations from physical and mental science.

L'Ordre de Malte en Amerique.

Par J. EDMOND ROY, Quebec.

Most visitors to Quebec must have noticed on the walls of the building now used as the Normal School an incised stone, bearing a shield with a Maltese cross and the date 1647. We have often wondered at its significance, but could gain no clew till we received this interpretation by M. Roy. Few persons suspected that there was once in Quebec a flourishing priory of the ancient and honourable order of the Knights of Malta. M. Roy has investigated the whole subject with the utmost thoroughness, and has accumulated a fund of information on this highly interesting topic. His pamphlet is one of the finest pieces of constructive criticism we have met, and is a model of historical research, well worthy of imitation by young Canadians. The work is very appropriately dedicated to Mr. J. M. LeMoine, F.R.S.C., who has done so much for the elucidation of early history of his native Province.

Princetoniana: Charles and A. A. Hodge; with Class and Table Talk of Hodge the Younger. By a SCOTTISH PRINCETONIAN (Rev. C. A. Salmond, M.A.). Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Price, \$1.25.

This is a racy book about preachers and for preachers; it abounds in table talk about a college life and college professors—the two Hodges, Dr. McCosh, and others—with notes of their lectures; it has several capital portraits. We will give in a future number a fuller review.

Responsive Readings in the Revised Version, with Morning and Vesper Services. By Rev. J. T. DURYEA, D. D. Boston: Congregational Publishing Society. Introduction price, 50 cents; retail price, 70 cents.

Whatever may be said of the Revised Version as a whole, it is certain that in the translation of the Psalms it is a great improvement on the common version. Not only is the translation more accurate, but they are more faithful to their true rhythm. This makes them more suited to responsive readings than their translation in King James' version. The collection before us furnishes, besides, selections from other lyrical portions of the Scriptures. In the Readings and in the Services the scholarly and refined taste of Dr. Duryea is everywhere evident.

LITERARY NOTES.

The *New Princeton Review* for May is especially rich in articles of historical and literary importance. The Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden makes, in "Ethics and Economics," an earnest plea for the recognition of the moral element in economical science. Prof. C. G. D. Roberts, of King's College, Nova Scotia, contributes "Pastoral Elegies," a paper of high rank. The "Editorial Criticisms, Notes, and Reviews," and the valuable semi-annual "Record" of current events round out a number which completes the fifth volume, and fully maintains the high standard reached by the *Review* since its first appearance. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

The Princess Christian, Queen Victoria's daughter Helena, has the place of honour in the May number of the *Woman's World*. She contributes a thoughtful and well written paper on nursing as a profession for women, and urges them to turn more attention to this calling.

Any of the standard works noticed in this department may be ordered through WILLIAM BRIGGS, 78 & 80 King Street East Toronto. In ordering, please give the date of the MAGAZINE in which the book was noticed.